National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ..... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

VOL. XV. NO. 5. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1854. WHOLE NO. 733.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, on Saturday, by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at their office, No. 142 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK. Terms, *Two Dollars* per annum. Printed, for the American Anti-Slavery Society, by NORRIS & JOHNSTON, printers, No. 21 Spruce street, New York.

Pro-Slavery.

THE BURNS CASE AT THE SOUTH.

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT—PROJECTS AND PLANS FOR REDRESS.

From the Richmond Enquirer, June 6.

THE recent riotous demonstration in Boston has awakened, throughout the South, an intense feeling of indignation, and has suggested to men of sober judgment *the necessity of some measure of retaliation*, and of protection for the future. The citizens of Wilmington, in North Carolina, have taken the initiative in the movement, and have resolved in public meeting to adopt some measure of *positive and decisive resistance* to the aggressions of the Abolitionists. Two gentlemen, of different parties, propose, in articles in the *Enquirer* of this morning, plans of action by which the South may turn the prevalent feeling of resentment against the North to *practical and profitable account*—plans which at the same time that they will inflict condign punishment upon our enemies contribute to the development of our own resources and power. The suggestions of our correspondents commend themselves to our approval by their manifest propriety and efficiency. Craven indeed must be the spirit of the Southern people if they will consent to pay tribute to the North after recent occurrences. Can no insult or defiance rouse our resentment or awaken our pride?

It is plain that a new and glorious destiny awaits the South, and beckons us onward to a career of independence. Shall we train and discipline our energies for the coming crisis, or shall we continue the tributary and dependent vassals of Northern brokers and money-changers? Now is the time for the South to begin in earnest the work of self-development. Now is the time to break asunder the fetters of commercial subjection, and to prepare for that more complete independence which awaits us.

WHAT THE SOUTH PROPOSES TO DO ABOUT IT.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

THE recent conduct of not only the Abolitionists, but of the better portion of the people of Boston also, should open the eyes of the South, and prompt her citizens to take proper steps to maintain their rights and to prepare for the crisis which is fast approaching.

We have been often told that the great body of the Northern people are disposed to stand by the compromises of the Constitution, and to obey the laws of the land in relation to the rendition of runaway slaves—but we have seen no evidence of such patriotism on their part. It may be true that a majority of them are not *negro-stealers*; but the fact that the public sentiment of the North does not enforce a prompt and ready obedience to the laws which have been enacted for the protection of Southern rights, shows that, with a profession of honesty on their lips, they are willing to see us robbed, and that they stand by and permit it to be done without raising a hand to prevent the consummation of the outrage. Can any one believe that there would have been any necessity for the calling out a portion of the United States army to execute the law if the people of Boston had been disposed to do justice to the South? If the law-abiding portion of her citizens are unable to keep the Abolitionists in check, they must be in a minority. If, on the other hand, they are strong enough to enforce the law, having failed to do so, they show their sympathy with Abolitionists to such a degree as must satisfy every mind that the South need not expect justice at their hands.

In either case, we have no security for our rights, and the sooner our people shall set about to devise some adequate means for the preservation of their interests, the better will it be for them.

I am no alarmist, no disunionist—but I think it must be apparent to every thinking mind, that our connection with the North cannot be maintained unless the people of the North will do us justice. There can be no confidence between the two sections of the country as long as it shall be required to call on the armed forces of the *General Government* to enforce a reluctant and constrained obedience to the laws which have been passed for our protection.

Our Northern brethren—for such I will still call them—presume too much on our known devotion to the Union. They should know, however, that there is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and at which patriotism itself, no less than self-interest, may require the South to sever a connection which is maintained only for their oppression and their degradation. Until this crisis is forced on us we should be thinking about "the mode and measure of redress." What can we do to teach our enemies that we will not always submit to their aggressions?

In view of the recent verdict in the case of Spooner *vs.* Daniel, which I regard as one of the greatest enormities yet committed on the South, I would have our people *refuse to subscribe to any journal published in a Free State.* And, as our Northern *brethren* are "warring to the knife" against Southern labour, let us dismiss from our employment all Northern men who have not given unmistakable evidence of their devotion to our interests and our peculiar institutions. Especially would I invoke those who have the direction of *our public works* to lose no time in casting off all such individuals. Were I the Board of Public Works, I would call on every State Director to use influences in carrying out this policy. Why should we nourish vipers in our bosoms, who sting us whenever an occasion offers?

The recent arrest of one of their Northern employés on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, for his insurrectionary efforts, shows that the Abolitionists have their secret agents among us; and the frequent escapes of our slaves along the lines of improvement leaves no doubt on the minds of those who have given any attention to the subject that those agents are judiciously distributed on our public works.

Let us, then, look to our own safety, and apply the proper remedy for the evil of which we complain.

Let a lofty patriotism, and not a blind party spirit, guide us in all our deliberations and in all our actions.

Let the people of the South unite as brethren in defence of their common rights, and common interests; and we will teach the people of the North that *they must do us justice without the intervention* of the *armed* force of the United States; or that they may regard us no longer their brethren, but as enemies who are not to be despised. ROANOKE.

THE BOSTON RIOT—DUTY OF THE SOUTH.

BURNS, the runaway negro, has been caught and surrendered; thanks to the firmness of the Commissioner, the fidelity of the President, the courage and loyalty of the troops, and the cowardice of the robbers. I beg leave, then, to suggest whether public meetings ought not to be held in Richmond and Alexandria for the accomplishment of the following purposes, viz.:

1. To raise a fund for, or require our City Council to pay a sum of money to, the family of the murdered Batchelder.

2. To express our admiration of the conduct of the President of the United States, Commissioner Loring, District Attorney Hallett, the Marshal of the United States and the troops—regulars and vulunteers—and our contempt and abhorrence for the conduct of Everett, Choate, Winthrop, and all other prominent men of Massachusetts, who had not the courage or patriotism, even by counsel, to oppose the robbery, who sought, by murder and perjury, to accomplish their traitorous purpose.

3. To declare, and to invite the Southern people generally to unite with us in declaring, that henceforward we will *never deal or trade, in any manner, with any community in which scenes similar to those lately enacted in Boston shall occur, and that for every fugitive slave withheld or rescued hereafter, a Northern vessel in our port shall be confiscated to the owner of the slave.*

The enforcement of law by the bayonet cannot long continue, at least not without producing the most painful results, and other means must therefore be found. Those means are encouragement of our friends at the North, and grateful approbation of their conduct, with a calm, sincere and determined declaration to our enemies of the course which we will pursue, and the injury they must sustain if hostilities against us are continued.

PATRICK HENRY.

Selections.

THE LEMMON SLAVE CASE.

THE appeal to the Supreme Court of New York, taken just at this time by order in the Legislature of Virginia, against the decision of the Lemmon case rendered by Judge Paine, of the Superior Court, is a significant fact—the importance of which in its policy and general reach should not be overlooked.

The facts of the case are, perhaps, sufficiently familiar to our readers; but life with us at the North goes on with such rapidity and intensity, that the events of yesterday are very apt to be effaced from memory by the diversified activities of to-day: and a brief recital may be acceptable.

In 1852, Jonathan Lemmon, of Virginia, came to New York, on his way to Texas, with eight slaves. The slaves being brought by *habeas corpus* before Judge Paine, were adjudged to be free according to the law of the State of New-York, and were set at liberty. A subscription of $5,000 was raised to indemnify Mr. Lemmon for the loss of his property.

The appeal against Judge Paine's decision is now to be argued by the Attorney General of Virginia on one side, and by the Attorney General of the State of New York on the other side, before our Supreme Court, and if the former decision shall be affirmed, it is the intention of Virginia to carry the question to the Supreme Court of the United States, with a view to test the constitutionality of the New York law, which makes free all slaves brought *voluntarily* here by their owners. Virginia wishes to establish the doctrine that under the Federal Constitution, citizens of the Slave States have the right to convey their slaves through the Free States, when going from one Slave State to another, as in this case from Virginia to Texas.

The establishment of such a doctrine is part and parcel of the aggressive policy of the slaveholding power. Not content with the constitutional provision in their behalf, which forbids the Free States to harbour their runaway slaves, the Slave States procured the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, by which the Federal Government was forced to become a great slave-catching machine. And now nothing will content them but to make Slavery and slaveholding rights, on the very soil of the Free States, paramount to the laws of the Free States. They have determined that, so far as they are concerned, the Free States shall not be Free States. They claim the right to be Slave States themselves; but they have determined not to concede to the North the equal right to be Free States. They have been long contending for the right to go with their slave *property* into all the territories of the Federal Government. The passage of the Nebraska bill gives them this right. Now they can claim the right to bring the same kind of property into the territory of the free and sovereign States of the North. The object sought to be accomplished by this appeal in the Lemmon case is to convert the soil of the Free States into a *national* highway for the transportation of slaves. If they succeed in this, the next step—and it is but a single step—would be to convert the soil of the Free States into a *national* mart for slave-dealers. New York would be an exceedingly convenient *entrepot* for the domestic slave trade, in bringing into comfortable communication the slave-breeding *supply* of Virginia and the slave-consuming *demand* of Texas. Even Bunker Hill might be a gratifying site for slave pens, guarded by the artillery of the Federal Government.

These are just the possibilities of this case. They are just the scope and reach of this movement on the part of Virginia. Would it not be well for the North to look this matter a little more considerately in the face? And would it not be wise for the South to pause for a moment and consider to what this systematic aggression on the rights of the Free States is likely to lead? Do they suppose that it ever entered into the minds of the framers of the Constitution that the clause requiring the rendition of fugitive slaves could, by the wildest possibilities of construction, strict or loose, ever be made to force Slavery into the territory and upon the people of the Free States? Do they suppose the people of the Free States will submit to have the power of the Federal Government converted into an engine for this purpose?

Let the South bethink itself. The people of the North have just had the edifying spectacle of the Federal Government turned slave-catcher. They have seen a Court-House, in a free and sovereign State, within sight of Bunker's Hill, surrounded by mercenary troops of the Federal Power, with bristling bayonet and sullen-mouthed cannon, to repress any illegal outbreak of the sentiment of Liberty. The supremacy of Federal Law has been maintained. But will this triumph either soothe or quell the public mind at the North? Will it make the people love the law any the more, or hate it any the less? Will it diminish their sense of its hardship—its intrinsic injustice? Will it increase the worth and value of the Federal Union in their eyes, when they see its power brought to bear thus cruelly upon poor wretches whose only crime is the exerting of the right which every man at the South, with the least particle of common sense and common conscience, knows, feels, and acknowledges to be a natural right—of escaping from bondage if he can? Will not the sense of humiliation at being compelled by Federal bayonets to assist or to stand passive spectators at the execution of such a law deepen the exasperation which the hard, unrighteous working of the law excites? The right of property in human beings is not known in Common Law, because not founded in Natural Right; and for this reason there is not, we believe, a single line in any statute book at the South *defining and creating such a right.* There are laws *regulating* it as a thing *assumed to exist*, on the basis that might makes right. Let the South be content with keeping the "institution" within their own limits, and regulating it there as to them seems best. We shall not interfere with them there. But let them desist from forcing it upon the Free States, to whose inborn and most profound convictions it is repugnant. Let them not strive to make a national highway through the North for slave transportation. Let them not seek to establish slave *entrepots* in our Northern ports. Let them beware of sending the Federal Government on any more slave-catching expeditions among us. If their slaves, any of them, run away and succeed in getting here, they had better not come after them. It is their best policy to let them alone. They will be gainers by the loss. We give them this advice in all honest and fraternal good will, because we love the Union and would fain see it preserved. Not that the North has as much to lose by its dissolution as the South. It is not for the South to talk of secession—it is for them to dread it. The North can do without the South; but what can the South do without the North? The Union is the very buttress of her Slavery system. The Union once dissolved—all constitutional guaranties in favour of the South gone—all obligations to help them maintain their peculiar institution at an end—all that love of the Union and that public sentiment at the North which have thus far operated to restrain the violent Anti-Slavery spirit that animates some among us, turned into coldness and dislike—and what could the South do? Slave property would have no value within a hundred miles of Pennsylvania and Ohio. No cordon of Southern frontier posts could prevent the passage of fugitives into an asylum from whence they could be reclaimed by no laws of rendition, and where no obligations of comity would be felt to restore to their possession men who simply exercised the just and natural right of escaping from servitude and chains. Let the South then heed our advice. If we were her enemies we would give her no such advice; but, on the contrary, would urge her to come upon the North with the Fugitive Slave Law as often as she could find a chance.—*N. Y. Times.*

From The Independent.

LINES FOR THE DAY.

WRITTEN ON READING THE FOLLOWING ITEM:

"Two companies of Irish soldiers were stationed in the Court-House to keep back the rabble."—*Boston Paper.*

AYE! throng the courts, that once were free,
With bands of savage soldiery;
Call out the Irish kern!
Beneath the shade of Bunker shaft,
Where earth the blood of freemen quaffed,
Another tale this day we learn.

Crush Massachusetts under foot,
Enslave and menace, stab and shoot!
The Northern mind is bowed;
No more the Pilgrim banner waves,
Content we see our fathers' graves
By Slavery's groaning cannon ploughed.

O Massachusetts! Mother-home!
The rocks that dash to whitening foam
Those seas the "Mayflower" pressed;
Those very rocks cry out to-day—
The waves dash high their glittering spray,
To see thy weakness thus confessed!

And shall Virginia's brutal lords,
Backed and sustained by foreign swords,
Thy ancient soul subdue?
Shall Irish steel and Southern fraud
Reverse the mandate given by God—
"Do as ye would men do to you!"

Oh! never, while to misery's sob
Our eyes o'erflow, our pulses throb,
Can come a day so cursed!
While hope remains, while arms are strong,
While lives the sense of right and wrong—
Those fetters be it ours to burst!

We have been patient, and our peace
Mistaken was for cowardice:
We try a different tense;
The passive mood hath brought us chains,
The active now alone remains
To bring these tyrants back to sense.

Up, Massachusetts! up and arm!
Let every steeple toll the alarm:
Rally thy freemen soon!
Old Boston, as you hope to live,
Ne'er let that frightened fugitive
In fetters quit your barracoon!

Whether our rights we now defend,
Or if the North must yet descend
From depth to lower deeps,
Remember this, nor be you dumb
When the great time to act has come,
WITH US THE SOUTH NO PROMISE KEEPS.

Boston 29th May. THE TOCSIN.

LETTERS FROM BOSTON.

Correspondence of the Evening Post.

BOSTON, June 14.

EVERY one who has beheld a beautiful rainbow must have noticed that it always has a shadow, in which the prismatic hues are faintly reflected. Just so is it with us. Ever since the 2d of June, that great day on which the Union (the American, not Forney's) was heeled and tapped in Boston for the sixty-ninth time, we have had rumours of more such saving in other quarters. In other words, the negro-hunters are on the alert in Massachusetts. They have been heard of in Lynn and in New Bedford, in Lowell and in Worcester. They have opened on a full scent, and have been so much encouraged by their success in coursing the hares of Boston, that they are venturing out into the jungle, where they *may* chance to fall in with a vicious animal or two. If they should get hurt, I sincerely trust that their sufferings will not lead to the world being altogether deprived of their valuable services. Another Florida war against a score of Indians might find them proper employment of even a patriotic character.

The arrest of the Rev. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of Worcester, on the charge of having been concerned in the riot here on the night of the 26th of May, is well understood to have been made as a sort of defiance to the radicals of Worcester, who are very strong in their feeling and language concerning the fugitive slave law, and those who are so peculiarly base as to engage in enforcing it. Mr. Higginson is not a Free Soiler. In politics he is a sort of Puritan. He does not like the Whigs, and thinks their ascendancy an evil; yet he opposed the coalition which alone would deal successfully with that party. He is a good man, however, and means well, and holds to many sound views in morals and politics. He preached a very strong sermon against Slavery and the fugitive slave law on the Sabbath that followed the arrest of Burns, and it is not impossible that something contained in that sermon has been remembered against him. What evidence there is to substantiate the charge made against him, I do not know, but I suspect that the shrewd officer in whose name the complaint has been entered would not have proceeded without fair ground, or what he believed to be such, for action. There are others behind him, it is believed, who are proceeding upon motives of the worst description, seeking to make the law the means of gratifying their individual enmity. It is thought by many that government wishes to teach the clergy that it is powerful enough to punish any of their number whom it may find never so little out of the straight path. Douglas & Co. will never forgive our ministers for not realizing the idea of dumb-dogs.

Mr. Banks's speech at Waltham, on the 9th, has never been published at sufficient length to give a correct idea of what he said. The statement made by a disreputable hunker paper here, that he declared he had left the Democratic party, is a falsehood. Mr. Banks only said that, on the Nebraska bill, he had separated himself from such men as Pierce, Douglas and Cushing, with whom he had heretofore politically acted. He is not the only Democrat who has done so. Such separatists appear to be numerous even in New Hampshire, and not altogether unknown in the legislature of that State. Some of our Nebraskaites will not admit that the vote in the New Hampshire House of Representatives, on Tuesday, by which that body refused to postpone the anti-Nebraska resolutions by a majority of eleven, means anything more than a determination to settle the matter now, and get it out of the way.

Our mayor continues to receive those compliments which precede final punishment, some such sort of "grace before meat" as a judge confers upon an unfortunate gentleman who is appointed to have a last interview with the sheriff of his county. Mr. Chandler, who preceded Mr. Hillard in the office of City Solicitor, has published a review of the mayor's conduct in the Burns case, and established its illegality to the satisfaction, or dissatisfaction, of all. A correspondent of the *Atlas*, understood to be a lawyer of reputation, and by no means in favour of violent action against the fugitive slave law, takes up some points passed over by Mr. Chandler, and quotes Judge Woodbury's strong language against martial law. All this is slaying the slain. A Democrat remarked, that as Enoch and Elijah learned the bliss of heaven without first tasting the bitterness of death, so would the mayor be translated bodily in the opposite direction. I am not prepared to say quite so much as that, as I believe that the mayor, if translated at all, has only been so in the sense that Nicholas Bottom, his illustrious prototype, was translated.

Captain Evans, the fellow whose silly mind and vicious temper came so near to causing a general massacre on State Street, on that black Friday when the sovereignty and honour of Massachusetts were trampled under the hoofs of the worst of her own citizens, has published a long and badly written defence of himself. The answer to all such things, even admitting the facts to be stated correctly, is this: He had no business there, or to be vapouring about in monkeyfied attire in breach of the law. Had he been the cause of the death of any one, he would most assuredly have been hanged; and we shall never be in security until two or three of those hectoring bullies, who are so anxious to fire upon unarmed crowds in the service of tyranny and against law, shall have been strung up. Some of our military, who are fast becoming ashamed of their conduct, say that they only obeyed orders, and did not seek the duty they performed. This is precisely the excuse that poor Seth Thomas had to make even to Commissioner Loring for daring to appear before him in the miserable character of Suttle's counsel. Sir Hudson Lowe once said to Napoleon, that he had not sought the place of his jailor; to which the Emperor pertinently replied, that such places were always given to people who had disgraced themselves. Some such answer might well be made to those men who talk about their having been compelled, by force of law, to perform an unpleasant duty. But they lie even in this matter. They were present aiding and enforcing the fugitive statute, not in support of law, but in violation of it; and had their brutality led to a conflict, as at one time seemed probable, though both the police and the regulars had no trouble whatever with the crowd, they would have been responsible for every death and every wound they had caused. They would have found that Mayor Smith's illegal orders would have been no shield against the legal consequence of their butcheries. They have not even the wretched excuse of Tom Boilman for their miserable behaviour. Tom had been compelled, to save his own life, to aid in boiling in pitch the limbs and heads of those of his friends who were executed by Col. Kirke for having aided the Duke of Monmouth, and he received the name of *Boilman* for his reward. I think Tom was more excusable than are our military. He was a poor peasant of 1685, and was trembling for his life; whereas our assistant kidnappers boast of their freedom and knowledge, and live in the year 1854, when the rights of man are supposed to be thoroughly understood, though many of his duties are as illy performed as ever.

Mr. Commissioner Curtis has been "skinned alive" by the New Bedford *Mercury*. Curtis, as you know, is a fool. He regards the fugitive slave law in the same light that Mr. Ned Dennis regarded the gallows: as one of the great institutions upon the maintenance of which depends the well being of nations; and when he sees it unskilfully enforced, he feels just as did Mr. Dennis when he saw the rope bunglingly placed about the neck of a man, a sight which brought tears into his eyes. Thinking that Mr. Loring was not up to the occasion, Curtis caused it to be announced that he was, as used to be the case with those heroes of our youth, Messieurs Day & Martin, "constantly on hand," at the well-known stand, corner of Dirt and Drab Streets, Flunkey Buildings, and would be always ready to issue warrants. "Undeniable references given," but none required. So perverse is human nature, that Mr. Curtis's announcement created very general disgust. Old Whigs, who had thanked Mr. Webster for bringing them back to a true and saving knowledge of their great constitutional duty to catch negroes for the South, were mad at beholding such a display of meanness. Whig editors felt hurt, and showed their feelings. Seeing this, Curtis came out with a letter to the editor of the New Bedford *Mercury*, on Friday last, through the Boston *Courier*, the regular organ of all that is base in the Whig party, and showed what he meant by announcing that he was still in the negro-catching line. He makes two points in his letter: Firstly, that to be a perfect commissioner for the issuing of warrants against and the examination of fugitives from Slavery, requires as much goodness as Pope assigned to Bishop Berkeley, namely, "every virtue under heaven": and, secondly, that Curtis himself is a perfect commissioner, who is restrained from cutting away for the skies only by the consideration, that if he should leave the earth, the catching of negroes in a decent, gentlemanlike and proper manner, would come to be numbered among the lost arts. So that we have been doing the gentleman injustice; and while we thought he was only after fees, he has simply been desirous of consulting the feelings of the slaves themselves, and would have them handled tenderly, as old Izaak Walton directs us to handle the frogs, whose mouths he tells us to sew up, "as if he loved them." Curtis is as amiable as old Burleigh himself, who, when he sent a man to the rack, ordered him to be tortured "as charitably as such a thing can be." But there is no pleasing some people. Yesterday I heard a coloured man—whom I grievously suspect of having stolen himself from some weeping and inconsolable master, and so having "infracted" the constitution of his country for the benefit of his own, a clear case of selfishness—complaining of Curtis's peculiar ideas of benevolence. It is plain that if we hear to the negroes we shall never have peace. They are like the complaining mariner spoken of by the late ingenious Mr. Miller. He was "seized up" for a flogging, and whenever the blows fell upon him, he would call out, "Oh!" whereupon the boatswain exclaimed: "Plague on thee, fellow, and a prize on thee, knave, wherever I hit thee, there is no pleasing thee!"

Correspondence of the Independent.

BOSTON, June 12.

A CASE like that of Burns would, of course, produce a stir among the whole coloured population of Boston. It has not been, however, just like that caused by the arrest and trial of Sims. Then the panic was so great that over three hundred fugitives in the city fled to Canada, some of them under circumstances sufficiently strange, distressing, and harrowing, to furnish materials for a "Tale of the Fugitive," that would beat all modern tales, if well written. But it is not supposed that more than fifteen or twenty have been driven beyond the city or its immediate neighbourhood by the late excitement. The matter has been overstated in some of the papers. Those that have gone were new comers, not sufficiently acquainted to know their friends, the state of public sentiment, or the proper methods of self-protection. One coloured woman, only a week or two from the South, has been so frightened as to lose her reason, and is to be taken to-day to the insane hospital. If Slavery were the happy condition that some pretend it is, would the very *idea* of a return to it produce such an effect?

But the effect of the late excitement on the fugitives in this city has been two-fold. It has alarmed those who have but recently come into possession of themselves, so that they are often at their wits' end; but it has had just the opposite effect upon the great body of fugitives. Revolutionizing, as it has, public sentiment, rallying hosts of new friends around the coloured man, creating for him a deep and general sympathy wholly unknown at the time of the Sims trial, he is of course made to feel more secure, is rendered more bold, and nerved with fresh courage for his own defence. Nine-tenths of the fugitives in the city (and they are a third of the whole coloured population) go about their business as usual, prepared for any emergency, and could not be taken alive except by some trick or deception such as a border Indian would despise. Burns, it is well known, was taken under cover of an infamous lie—a villainous pretence that he had committed a petty theft—otherwise he could not have been taken at all. But even this game may not work as well again, it being now understood that there is no meanness or dishonour to which the officers of the fugitive law will not stoop.

The coloured people in this quarter, while they partake largely of the sorrow and indignation felt at the fate of Burns, and while they are keenly alive to their own interests and rights as a class, were never more hopeful than at present. They never had so much—in the position of the clergy, the press, the legal profession, the merchants, and men of all classes—to assure them of the triumph of their cause, and the emancipation of their brethren in bonds, as now. And they are improving their opportunity. All through the State, in city and country, there is going on a most thorough organization of the coloured people and their friends, for purposes which it is needless to specify. The vigilance committee are taking active measures to raise funds for providing counsel in the case of the rioters, so called, now on trial; for keeping the underground railroad in perfect working order; and for supplying passengers who arrive with hats, shoes, or any decent garment. Thus, while poor Burns has been sacrificed, his trial and rendition, with the horrible circumstances attending them, have waked up more minds, and set in motion, more Anti-Slavery forces, in this State, than could have been done by ten years of ordinary effort.

Many of our most influential presses, and among them the *Atlas*, are calling loudly for some new and stringent State legislation in regard to the Fugitive Slave law, such that any man who shall act as commissioner, marshal, deputy, or otherwise, under that law, shall be forever disqualified for holding any office in the State; and the same law, it is contended should apply to any man who acts as legal counsel for the slave-hunter. If the spirit that now pervades this city and State lives till next winter, as it most surely will, some such law will undoubtedly be passed.

From The Tribune.

THE FREEMAN'S CHALLENGE.

["Come on, then, gentlemen of the Slave States! Since there is no escaping your challenge, I accept it in behalf of the cause of Freedom. We will engage in competition for the virgin soil of Kansas, and God give the victory to the side that is stronger in numbers, as it is in Right."—WM. H. SEWARD, *in the U. S. Senate, May 25, 1854.*]

COME from the barrens of the Old Dominion!
Come from the empire of the whip and chain!
Come to the battle of renewed Opinion,
Roused from the slumber where it long has lain!
The soil is wasting, for the slave is master,
Ruling by terror in his owner's breast,
And blind devotion to the chain still faster
Hastens the virgin soil to needed rest.

Come from the Dismal Swamp of slavish terror!
Come from the fields where toils the sighing slave!
Come to the battle of the Truth with Error,
While in our prime we dig Oppression's grave!
Freedom points onward with a glorious bearing,
And bids the nation to a splendid noon,
And as she nerves us to a holy daring,
She gives the earnest of her richest boon!

Come from the borders of the far savannah—
Come from the everglades of hopeless doom!
Come where the Freeman with a loud hosanna
Shouts in exemption from the despot's gloom.
The pulse is beating with a new emotion—
The arm is lifted in an effort strong—
Our hearts are throbbing like the throb of ocean,
With vows undying at the bloody Wrong.

Come from the cane-fields where the lash grows longer!
Come from the cabin of the wretched thing!
Come from the region where the bonds grow stronger,
And life's red blood from bleeding hearts they wring!
Come from the slave-mart where the human chattel
Buries his love, and dearest ties are spurned!
Come to the Freeeman's now unending battle,
For bolder teachings in the Right are learned.

Come from the Senate-hall and dull convention;
Come from the pulpit and the crowded bar;
We take the challenge for the long contention,
And gird our armour for a ceaseless war!
Come from the waters of the Alabama—
Come on, O builders of our nation's doom!
We take the challenge; for the bloody drama
Must have an end, and Freedom fill its room.

Come on, then, Spoilers of the weak and lowly!
Come with your purposes of Crime and Wrong!
The North, awakened with an ardour holy,
Vows with a newer hope and vision strong!
We have been shaken from our trusting slumbers!
Now watch we well, with weapons true and bright!
God give the victory to Truth's fervid numbers!
God give the victory to Truth and Right!

Brooklyn, L. I., June, 1854. HAMPDEN.

FUGITIVE CASE IN MANCHESTER, N. H.

YESTERDAY, the 11th inst., the stillness of usual Sabbath morning, in this city, was broken in upon by a rumour that information had been received that a slave owner was in pursuit of a coloured barber in this city. The story in reference to it and the consequent action of the barber and his friends, formed the chief topic of conversation during the day, and the fact was referred to in the prayers of most of the clergymen, and by some in their sermons. The barber's name, as he has given it, is Moore. He says that he ran away from his master in Virginia about 12 years ago. Since then he has worked as a barber at different places; several years he kept a shop at Lowell. During the past four months he has worked as a barber for S. H. Bowman, in this city. He is a fine looking coloured man, thick set, stout and well proportioned, of great muscular power, possesses good information and has made himself very popular as a barber, and his friends among the patrons of that saloon are numerous. He has a wife, a free woman, and three children, in Vermont. Ever since the passage of the Fugitive Slave bill he has been fearful of arrest, and has kept his family in some retired place, so that they might be secure.

Information, it is said, came from Virginia to the "Vigilance Committee" of Boston, that the owner of him was on his way to Boston after him. At Boston the owner was watched for, and his name was found Saturday on the books of one of the hotels. After remaining in Boston awhile, he came to Lowell, but close upon his track were men to tell of his business. It is said that some one got into his confidence in Lowell, in the evening, and found from the description that he was in pursuit of Moore. The "Committee" immediately started two men with a horse to bring the information here, where they arrived at two o'clock yesterday morning. A handsome purse was made up in a short time, and by noon he was on his way to Canada, the Free Slave Territory, where he will be, probably, before he sleeps to-night.

Some regard the story of the owner being in pursuit of him as a "sell"; but "sell" or not, he was fearful that if he remained here, he should be remanded back as a fugitive, and "sold" into a worse Slavery than he had ever yet experienced. The story, however, comes pretty direct. Moore has enjoyed the sweet air of freedom too long to be willing to run a risk of again being put in manacles and chains. He has been armed for years, and is a man of such nerve and physical power as when forewarned would never be taken alive.—*Manchester Mirror, June 12.*

THE CAMP-FOLLOWERS OF THE AMERICAN ARMY.

IT is unfortunate that all the danger of our getting into a war with Spain does not spring from a desire of acquiring Cuba. It has often been remarked that the camp-followers of an army are always in favour of war. They live by it. They traffic with the soldiers; some in clothing, some in liquor and cigars, some in trinketry, some in horses, some in weapons, some in fruits and pastry, some sing and dance, some are jugglers, some do one thing and some another, and all plunder the bodies of the dead, whether friend or foe. These people, of course, are always for war.

But there is another species of camp-followers, not generally confounded with this vulgar herd, who differ with them only in the amount of capital they employ. They are just as mercenary, just as servile, just as selfish and just as indifferent to the honour and welfare of the country. They have been labouring together for more than a year to get our country into difficulty—they cared not how, nor with whom—and have finally concentrated all their energies upon the Spanish case as one that looks more promising for a quarrel than any other. They consist:

First. Of those who hope to profit by a goverment loan and a large public debt, two inevitable consequences of taking Cuba, whether by war or purchase. They will consist of pliable members of Congress, and of such other political instruments as cannot well be openly compensated for their services, and of such leading bankers and brokers as are sure of securing, by their political relations, some advantage in the distribution or sale of the stock. The history of the three million loan, under the administration of President Polk, which is familiar to most of the readers of the *Evening Post*, will illustrate our meaning.

The price of Cuba, of course, will not now be less than $250,000,000, for it is known that the administration have signified their willingness to give that sum. This would be the largest loan this government ever made. If we cannot trade, a war with Spain would be sure to involve a war with England and France, and that would cost as much, and probably a great deal more. In either case immense loans must be made, money raised, and liberal commissions paid to all who have anything to do with it. The advantage of this proceeding is, that it may be made the means of paying private as well as public debts without any disagreeable notoriety attending the transaction:

Second. All the ocean steamboat interest are anxious for a war, for they will expect it to create a demand at once for sea steamers, and of course, that such old and rotten hulks as the Falcon and the Ohio, that are no longer fit for commercial purposes, may be bought at government prices for the transportion of troops and stores. It is a curious, but not a surprising fact, that since the commercial navy system received its *quietus*, last winter, in Congress, and the speculators in ocean steam contracts saw that no more money was was to be made in that direction, George Law and all his profligate tail of hirelings at Washington set to work to make difficulty between us and the Cuban authorities. Senator Douglas, who was their candidate for the Presidency when they wanted steam contracts, is their candidate now, when they want war contracts; and the present war party in Washington, if analyzed, will be found to be the old Law, Sanders & Douglas steamboat party, under a new name:

Third. Any foreign war will create a necessity for an immediate and very great increase of our navy. Not less than $10,000,000 would have to be spent at once among the ship builders along the Atlantic coast. Of course, all who have any friends at court will not think very unfavourably of a war which is likely to give them the fingering of a share of such an appropriation:

Fourth. The war party is further swollen by all those who expect commissions in the army through political influence, and who expect prompt promotion to a brigadier-generalship if not to the Presidency:

Fifth. All who expect contracts through political influence, to supply provisions, accoutrements, ammunition, cordage, &c., for the army and navy:

Sixth. All who survive of those who, in the Mexican war, sold pine-wood at $100 a cord, and rented river steamboats to the government at the rate of $5,000 per week:

Seventh and last. All the political Micawbers in the land, who have been waiting ever since the inauguration of President Pierce for something to turn up, and patiently submitting to one humiliation after another, in the hope that each in succession would be the last, and with it would come their reward. This category includes a very large number, and if anything could reconcile us to a foolish war it would be the hope of giving this class some employment that would take them temporarily, if not permanently, from the country.

We have here enumerated a pretty formidable body of men who desire a war entirely irrespective of any advantage the country might derive from the acquisition of Cuba; men who have no interest whatever in the questions of difference between us and Spain, and only look upon them as a jackal looks upon a new made grave.

In watching the progress of the war party at Washington, our readers will do well to keep the foregoing classification in their minds; it will aid them in determining how much importance and what kind of importance to attach to what they hear and read.—*Evening Post.*

MEANNESS INEFFABLE.

How base a lie Slavery is, we were already aware; but how constantly it impels, and often compels, its votaries to lie, we never saw so forcibly illustrated as in the Burns case. Take the following sample from the *Alexandria Gazette* of a hundred similar paragraphs in pro-slavery journals:

"Col. C. F. Suttle has arrived home. He thinks that although the Boston public are opposed to the Fugitive Slave Law, a majority of the respectable inhabitants of that city were in favour of sustaining the laws of their country, and opposed to the mob and violence exhibited. *Anthony was much rejoiced to escape from the killing kindness of his dear friends, into whose arms he had unfortunately thrown himself*, and will doubtless, hereafter, 'be a wiser,' and we hope, 'a better man.'"

—Now be it remembered that Anthony Burns had thrown himself into the arms of no friends whatever up to the moment that Suttle swooped down upon him. He had incautiously written a letter to the brother of the girl to whom he was engaged in Virginia, and this letter had been opened and appropriated by one of the master class, who communicated its contents to Suttle. The letter stated that the writer was at work for C. Pitts on such a wharf, Boston; so that the master knew exactly where to find his chattel. He came on; found Burns; tried to persuade him to go back into Slavery peaceably—and *failed*. All this time, the Abolitionists knew nothing of Burns nor of the case. It was not till he found that Burns was not to be coaxed or wheedled back into bondage that Suttle invoked the aid of writs, lawyers, slave commissioners, revolvers, bayonets, cannon, and a United States vessel to take him back. Yet, even then, Burns was nearly all the three or four days he was on his trial in Boston in the hands of the master and his backers. If he *could* have been coaxed to put on his chains voluntarily, he certainly would have been. Slavery would have gladly given her two ablest Doctors of Divinity for such a triumph as that. But the man stood out for a man's rights to the last and only consented to be thrust back into Slavery when he had not a chance of escape left. He will probably expiate in some south-western rice-swamp or cane-break the crime of having tried to be free. Of course, he does not now tell his owner that he wants his freedom—that would only aggravate his miseries to no purpose. But is not the fraud involved in such paragraphs as that above quoted too impudent even for "the sum of all villanies?"—*Tribune.*

CLEARING OF NORTHERN AIR BY THE LATE BREEZE AT BOSTON.

WE have not breathed so freely for years as since the passage of the Nebraska Bill and its Boston codicil! An atmosphere of smothered freedom is almost as choking as one of open slavery; and, up to last week, the lungs of Northern Anti-Slavery men—not cleared by Abolition convulsions—have been breathing an air laden with constitutional scruples, political compacts, the indifference of ignorance, or the apathy of distance, the caution of the prudent, or the authority of the mighty dead—an air thick and oppressive to liberty-loving spirits.

We pretend to no spirit of martyrdom. We have even, we confess, an amiable, and, perhaps, effeminate shrinking from the altitude of dissent. We like not to be in the minority. The antipathy, distrust or coldness of people of only ordinary wisdom and excellence, disturbs our peace; and the disapprobation or opposition of the good and wise sends a sword through our heart. And yet, with only moderate Anti-Slavery sentiments, with a bated breath of hostility to Southern encroachments, with only a compromised and half-temporizing policy in behalf of freedom—the full measure of resistance which our poor courage and blunted zeal could keep up—we have, nevertheless, felt ourselves as under a certain ban of suspicion, deprived of full sympathy, and barely tolerated among judicious men. The Northern air in the neighbourhoods most dear and familiar to us has been heavy, even to our unexacting lungs. Our timid Anti-Slavery feelings have looked bold among greater cowards than ourselves, and our gentle remonstrances have been received as truculent and disturbing to the peace of the sober and the wise. We wish we could be sure of the forgiveness of God, and the pardon of three millions of slaves, for our lukewarm blood and faltering tongue! We might then the more easily bear the recollection of old slights and cold shoulders from alarmed conservatives, and wise and prudent men. But, seeing that we are not heroes and martyrs, and should expect to be just as timid and cautious again, were any serious danger hanging over our heads; seeing we are constitutionally afraid of the consequences, yet covetous of the thing that provokes them, we have a right to rejoice that in Massachusetts

We judge others from our own experience. We have ceased to expect heroism or martyrdom from prosperous men, whether they wear black coats or brown, white cravats or coloured ones. And therefore there has been no hope for free speech and thorough humanity, except in some turn of affairs which could make strong Anti-Slavery sentiment and action uncostly and safe, popular and prudent. Such a turn of affairs has come. The Nebraska outrage was too much even for Northern insensibility; and, happily, while the fever of indignation was on, came this slave-hunter to Boston after his prey. The instincts of humanity had no time to study prudence; the nobler passions of the people found no sheath at hand; and an outburst of surprised and flashing wrath at the insult to free soil, and the audacity of Southern slaveholders, betrayed even the coolest heads and the best disciplined hearts into sympathy with resistance, and united the community in detestatiou of compromise with this hateful and disgusting institution! Such a Providential event emancipates the slaves at the South in its final influence, and the whites at the North in its immediate effect. Can it be denied that we have been tongue-tied, heart-bound, enslaved by fears and sympathies, by doubts and misgivings, up to this hour? Has any yoke sat so oppressively upon our shoulders since we were men as this yoke of silence or guarded sympathy in respect to the slave? Is it not a new Independence Day to thousands that they may say henceforth, "No compromise with Slavery; no return of fugitive slaves; no more slave soil; repeal of every concession to Slavery; war, and only war upon it, till it is utterly extinguished!"

Do we not rightly say, then, that the passage of that poor negro through Boston was as the passage of a thunderbolt, clearing the air? Does not everybody in Massachusetts, with a drop of free blood in his heart, breathe more freely since it took the forces of the city, State and nation to carry that unhappy wretch away a slave, and since "the deep damnation of his taking off" has left a conscience-stricken, self-accusing, open-mouthed and united New England in resolute determination that it is the last time?—*Christian Inquirer.*

PUBLIC SENTIMENT IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

BOSTON, Friday, June 16, 1854.

THE effect of the late military demonstration in Boston for the purpose of carrying an innocent man, against his will, into Slavery, will not soon pass away. With the exception of the few Democratic newspapers in the interest of the Administration, like the *Boston Post*, and the party leaders and office holders in the same interest, there is a hearty and thorough detestation among the people of the whole proceeding. The Fugitive Slave act and the Nebraska villainy are denounced on all sides in terms of the strongest moral indignation. Among the evidences of this fact is the almost united voice of the clergy of Massachusetts, uttered from the pulpits of the churches on the Sunday following the Boston slave tragedy. Of those who have spoken in earnest words of condemnation are some of the most conservative divines among us—men who have heretofore advocated submission and obedience to the Fugitive Slave act as the duty of the citizen. Last Sunday, the Rev. Dr. Gannett, one of the most distinguished and conservative of the Unitarian clergy, preached a strong and earnest sermon against the recent aggressions of the slave power. During the last two Sundays, I suppose there is hardly a pulpit in New-England from which prayers have not been offered, and Christian words uttered, in behalf of the slave population of our country and their inalienable right to freedom, and against the usurpation, the wickedness and the tyranny of the slave power that is now ruling us with a rod of iron.

The sermon of the Rev. Theodore Parker, on the rendition of Anthony Burns, reported in the *Commonwealth*, and sold in extra sheets, has had an immense circulation, and is to be printed in pamphlet form, from the author's own manuscript. The Curtises made a move a few daps since, at a meeting of the proprietors of the Music Fund Hall, which is leased to Mr. Parker's congregation on the Sabbath, to exclude him from the use of it, giving as a reason that he had spoken disrespectfully of their brother, Benj. R. Curtis, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, who distinguished himself by his zeal for the Fugitive Slave act, and the return of Simms, soon after its enactment. The motion, however, was *voted down*.

The Rev. James Freeman Clarke also preached a sermon on the rendition of Burns, commenting in terms of censure and reprobation on the conduct of Commissioner Loring, Marshal Freeman, Mayor Smith and others, concerned in the proceeding. The sermon has been published by a unanimous vote of his congregation.

The Rev. Thomas Starr King preached an eloquent sermon to the people on the Sunday following the rendition of Burns, taking for his subject the trial of Christ, applying its analogies to the trial of the fugitive, and rebuking the spirit which, on the ground of prejudice, hatred and worldly policy, does not hesitate to inflict the grossest injustice and cruelty upon a human being innocent of crime. The sermon is said to have produced some stir among a few ultra conservatives of the Hollis-St. Society; but Mr. King has too much strength and moral courage to be deterred from pursuing the path of right and duty by the fear of men.

The Rev. Mr. Stone of the Park-St. Church (Orthodox) also bore his testimony against the infamous proceedings of the 2d of June, in an eloquent and stirring discourse. So also did the Rev. Mr. Dexter of the Pine-St. Church (Orthodox), and the Rev. A. A. Miner (Universalist) at the School St. Church (formerly ministered to by the venerable Hosea Ballou, and the Rev. Mr. Chapin of your City), and the Rev. A. D. Mayo of Gloucester, in the Bulfinch-St. Church (Unitarian), and the Rev. J. G. Forman, in the Hawes Chapel (Unitarian), and the Rev. Mr. Goddard (Universalist) in Canton-St. Church. The Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher has been frequent in his testimonies against the slave power and its attempts to corrupt the Christianity of the American Churches and subvert our Government into a great slaveholding empire. The names given here are but a few of those who are known to have uttered their convictions in opposition to the great crime against humanity which the Government of the United States is enacting in this nineteenth century of the Christian era. The Rev. F. D. Huntington, one of the most popular divines in Boston, is also known to occupy a similar position of hostility to the slave power.

At Salem a faithful testimony from the clergy has been given. A correspondent of the *Boston Post*, probably a Government official in that city, is down upon the Rev. O. B. Frothingham for his sermon on the Sunday following the kidnapping of poor Burns.

At Nantucket, the Rev. Hasbrouck Davis, who was supplying the Unitarian pulpit there for the day, preached an eloquent sermon against the encroachments of the slave power, connecting the scenes in Boston on the 2d of June with the course of Mr. Webster and of the Whig party in 1850, in aiding the slave measures of that year, and in prostrating the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the free States. A few worshippers of Daniel Webster's memory were disturbed at hearing their idol identified with these infamous measures of which the Fugitive Slave act was the principal, but the discourse was heartily responded to by the mass of the congregation, and a copy has been requested for publication.

From these few instances it will be seen what is the temper and spirit of the clergy of New England in the present crisis of our country on the question of American Slavery. Their course on this subject is identified with the conscientious convictions of the Christians of the free States, and the time has now come when these convictions will be aroused and stimulated to efficient action for the overthrow of the slave power in the National Government. The sentiments of the clergy will be showed by their congregations on this subject, and by the mass of the people more and more, as the aggressions of Slavery on the rights and feelings of the people of the North are repeated from time to time.

The religious press is now speaking out as never before. Strong, and uncompromising, and fearless have been the condemnations of the slave power, and the subserviency of the present administration to its demands, that have lately come from this quarter. *The Independent, The Congregationalist, The Christian Inquirer, The Christian Register, The Trumpet, The Universalist Magazine, The Christian Freeman, The Christian Ambassador*, representing the orthodox and the liberal Christian sects of the Middle and New England States, are sending every week into thousands of Christian families the most earnest and uncompromising sentiments of hostility and opposition to the crime of enslaving men, and especially to the subjugation of the free States and the vast territories of our country to the purposes of slaveholding, and the oligarchy of slaveholders who now control the administration of the Government at Washington.

Another indication that the religious sentiment of the country is aroused is the character of the resolutions that are now emanating from various religious bodies. The American Unitarian Association, at its annual meeting this year, for the first time departed from what has heretofore been considered its appropriate work, and incorporated in its annual report a strong paragraph against "the unrighteous subjection of one race by another," and the State Convention of Universalists at Worcester a few days ago passed, with great unanimity, a series of stringent resolutions against the Nebraska iniquity, and the scenes of profanity and dissipation that attended its passage through Congress.

That the clergy of the free States and the more earnest portion of the Christian denominations are destined to array the moral and religious sentiment of the country against the institution of Slavery is among the certainties of the future, and when this is accomplished we shall then have a basis of Anti-Slavery action that will be substantial and enduring, and the work of progress will go on until "liberty shall be proclaimed to all the inhabitants of the land."

A lying dispatch was sent on from Alexandria, and published in some of the newspapers here, that Burns was glad to make his escape back again into Slavery. But a recent letter from a gentleman who was permitted to visit the fugitive in his *jail*, published in the Boston *Traveller* last evening (and the source of the information is vouched for by the editor of the *Traveller*), shows the falsity of this story. The gentleman says that Burns gave indications of a *fearful foreboding of the future*; stated that he did not wish to live with his master again, unless he could be treated as if he had never been away, and that he should like to return again to the North. He is expecting to be sold to go further South, and the fact that he is kept imprisoned in a *jail* shows how much truth there is in the story that he was desirous of getting back into Slavery again. Whether the effort of certain parties in Boston to purchase his freedom is to be renewed is not known. The original motive that actuated the parties, I suppose no longer exists, namely: to save the city of Boston from the disgrace that was impending at the time, and from the scenes of bloodshed which it was feared would be the result of it. As an act of humanity to the slave it would be a meritorious one, but when it is considered that there are more than three millions of human beings in the same condition, the idea of rescuing men from Slavery by individual purchase is out of the question, and every one of these poor imbruted slaves has a like claim upon our sympathy with Anthony Burns. While we cannot but deplore his fate, our efforts should be more particularly directed against the institution that not only enslaves him, but three millions of his race. F.

A CATECHISM FOR SLAVES.

THE *Southern Episcopalian*, a conservative religious monthly at Charleston, South Carolina, contains a catechism for slaves. The following is an extract:

Who keeps *snakes* and all bad things from hurting you?—God does.

Who gave you a master and a mistress?—*God gave them to me.*

Who says that you must obey them?—*God says that I must.*

What book tells you these things?—The Bible.

How does God do all his work?—He always does it right.

Does God love to work?—Yes, God is always at work.

Do the good angels work?—Yes, they do what God tells them.

Do they love to work?—Yes, they love to please God.

What does God say about your work?—*He that will not work shall not eat.*

Did Adam and Eve have to work?—Yes, they were to keep the garden.

Was it hard to keep that garden?—No, it was very easy.

What makes the crops so hard to grow now?—Sin makes it.

What makes you lazy?—*My own wicked heart.*

How do you know your heart is wicked?—I feel it every day.

What teaches you so many wicked things?—The Devil.

Must you let the Devil teach you?—No, I must not.

The following is extracted from a catechism used in Russia. It will match the foregoing, and shows the affinities of despotism the world over.

Q. How is the authority of the Emperor to be considered, in reference to the spirit of Christianity?

A. As proceeding immediately from God.

Q. What duties does religion teach us to practise toward him?

A. Worship, obedience, fidelity, the payment of taxes, service, love and prayer.

Q. How should this worship be manifested?

A. By the most unqualified reverence in words, gestures, demeanour, thoughts and actions.

Q. What are the supernaturally revealed motives for this worship?

A. The supernaturally revealed motives are—that the Emperor is the Vicegerent and Minister of God, and consequently disobedience to the Emperor is identified with disobedience to God himself.

Such is a brief specimen of the instruction given in the schools under the authority of the Czar! Here is one of the distinguishing features of the Roman Apostacy—*the worship of man*—the anti-Christian idea that the Emperor is the Vicegerent of Heaven, and that disobedience to him is disobedience to God himself!

A KIDNAPPER CAUGHT.—One of those "underground railroad" conductors, a citizen of Henderson, Ky., passed through our city night before last, on his return from delivering, per contract, four female slaves at the Canada depot in Petersburg, Ind. Information had been lodged with Marshal Ward, that this man, Brown, who was well known here as a notion pedlar, was suspected, and he directed the ferry to be watched, as he (Brown) was expected to return about that time. About 6 o'clock in the evening, Mr. Brown came to the ferry, with a two horse close carriage, well adapted to his business, either negro stealing or notion peddling. Marshall Ward and Sheriff Cavitt were immediately informed, but did not arrive at the ferry until Brown had nearly reached the Kentucky shore. They put out in a skiff and reached the opposite shore, about a mile and a half behind. After some momentary delay in procuring a pair of horses, the officers started in hot pursuit, confident, of course of an easy victory. In this, however, they were somewhat disappointed. Upon coming up with Mr. Brown and making their business known to him, he drew a revolver in each hand and defied the officers to take him, and warned them of the consequences of making further advances.

The Sheriff and Marshall in making their hasty pursuit went unarmed, and were without civil process, except such as is exercised by public opinion in Kentucky, which gives license to nab a kidnapper when you can, and look up the law afterwards.

After a few moments, Marshal Ward went to a neighbouring house, and procured the necessary weapons to make the contest more equal, while the Sheriff followed Mr. Brown. After properly arming themselves the Marshal and Sheriff made another charge on the 'worthy conductor,' and he surrendered. They took their prisoner without further trouble to Henderson, where a writ for his apprehension was already in waiting, upon which he was taken before the Recorder, examined and remanded to jail. Although a resident of Henderson, and in good standing and circumstances, aside from this charge, he could get no lawyer to defend him.

It appeared that he had received two hundred dollars for this last trip to the depot, from a free negro in that vicinity. The evidence of his agency in the affair is said to be very conclusive, and he will no doubt be dealt with severely. He is well known here as a notorious Abolitionist, and if guilty of the thieving philanthropy with which he is charged, deserves punishment. After the proceedings before the Recorder, a writ was issued for his removal to Union county where the slaves were taken from. We believe Mr. Brown received the slaves in Indiana; whether that will extenuate his case or not remains to be seen. Our officers exhibited the characteristic energy in securing their customer, and confess that they have learned something by the operation.—*Evansville (Indiana) Journal, June 2.*

KIDNAPPERS IN WORCESTER.—We learn from the *Worcester Spy* that considerable excitement prevailed in that city, on Thursday, in consequence of the announcement that two kidnappers were there in search of a fugitive. It was ascertained that they came into the city on Wednesday afternoon, and, after reconnoitering the city, they took lodgings at the Nashua House. As the house was considerably crowded, the landlord put them in a room with others, who, from conversation which passed between the parties, after they had retired to bed, very soon became acquainted with the character and business of their room-mates.

In the morning, the landlord of the hotel, Mr. J. E. Wood, on being made acquainted with the character of his guests, *refused to furnish them with a breakfast*, telling them that "when he could not get a living without feeding kidnappers, he would take down his sign."

The chivalrous scamps then left the house, and shortly after appeared in the Court room, where the Court of Common Pleas, for criminal cases, is now sitting. They were recognised at once, and pointed out to several, and perceiving the sensation that their presence excited, they presently left. The Vigilance Committee were immediately notified, and the intelligence that kidnappers were among us spread like lightning through the city.

Suspecting their intention to leave the city by the second train for Nashua, some four hundred men hastened to the depot for the purpose of administering to them such Christian *advice, rebuke* or *consolation*, as the nature of the case might require! But the rascals were nowhere to be found, and, although diligent search was made in every locality likely to harbour them, nothing more was seen of them, and the presumption is that they left town by private conveyance.

BURNS, THE FUGITIVE, AT HOME.—The following we extract from a letter dated Norfolk, Va., June 12, to the Boston *Traveller*:

"Yesterday a gentleman of this city called on me, and when alluding to the case of Burns, inquired if I would like to see him. On my answering in the affirmative, he said he would walk over to the jail, and as he was well acquainted with the jailor, he presumed we might be admitted to his cell. I was introduced as 'a Boston Merchant,' and was politely conducted to the private apartment of the fugitive where, in the presence of four other gentlemen, I conversed with him for half an hour relative to his early history, his escape, his trial at Boston, and his return.

"He said he joined a Baptist Church about seven years ago, and has felt it his duty since, as opportunities have occurred, to exhort in their meetings, and try to lead his fellow-servants to a knowledge of the Redeemer. His master, he told me, was not a member of any Church. He can read and write, and is quite intelligent for one of such limited education. He has a nobleness of carriage and truthfulness of manner, indicative of a mind of more than ordinary capacity.

"Although he conversed with an air of cheerfulness, and even of humour, it was easy to discover that a dark foreboding for the future was preying upon his spirits. When allusion was made to his accommodation in the Boston Court House, his good fare, and his smoking cigars with the officers, he said laughingly, that he 'needed the cigar to keep his spirits up;' and when asked if he wanted to go back to Boston, he said 'he should like just to let them see that he was alive yet.'

"To the question what he thought his master would now do with him, he said that 'he expected to be sold, and made a Lion of.' When asked if he would like to go back and live with Col. Suttle, he hesitated and replied, 'not without he could be treated just as if he had not been away.' He was sensible that he had lost caste, where he had always lived, and knew not how to hold up his head again there; and yet greatly dreaded the alternative of being sold to the South.

"I have conversed very freely about his case with many persons here; indeed it is quite impossible to do otherwise, as it is *the* topic of the day. There is a general exultation at the result, for George B. Latimer escaped from Norfolk in 1843, and a great effort was made to recover him from Boston, which failed; as did also the more recent effort to bring back Shadrach, who belonged to a Norfolk gentleman. But now that the law has been sustained, I think there is a stirring feeling here in favor of sending him North, or of dealing kindly with him."

SENATORS WADE AND NORRIS.—Wade is a curious genius. He pays no more regard to Southern chivalry than if there never was such a thing in the world.

Senator Norris, from New Hampshire, who is serving his last term in the Senate, said to him the other day, when discussing the Nebraska question, in company with a number of Southern Senators:

'Would you, Mr. Wade, if called upon by the U. S. Marshal to assist in catching a fugitive slave, obey the order?'

'No,' said Mr. Wade, 'I'd see him in—in Jericho first!'

'That,' said Mr. Norris triumphantly to his Southern friends, 'is an evidence how little regard is paid to the laws by these Abolition Whigs.'

'Well,' said Wade, 'Mr. Norris, would *you* help to catch a negro, if you saw him running off?'

'Certainly, I would,' said Mr. Norris, with some little trepidation.

Says Wade, turning to Senator Dixon, of Kentucky, 'would you, sir, if called upon to arrest a runaway negro, obey the command?'

'No, sir,' said Dixon, 'I'd see him —— first.'

'Well,' said Wade, in his dry way, 'I do not wonder, when you can get so many Northern men, like the gentleman from New Hampshire, to do it *for* you.'—*Ohio Journal.*

FUGITIVE CASE IN CHEMUNG CO.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Oneonta* (N. Y.) *Banner*, writing from Westford, under date of June 3, gives the particulars of a fugitive case which recently occurred in that section, from which we copy the following:

"About three hours ago, a coloured man was seen to enter this village on foot; and at or about the same time, a carriage, with three persons in it, made a halt at Kellogg's Hotel. A demand was then made for the negro, saying that he had escaped from a Deputy Sheriff, in Chemung, a short time since, while in the act of taking him from the Court House to the jail. An advertisement was then exhibited, describing the renegade, to which description the said negro answered tolerably well—that is, he was black!

"The people here, who are law-abiding citizens, were ready to let the negro go; but on examining the advertisement they found it was dated 1853! Their humanity was as strong as their sense of justice; they very deliberately came to the conclusion that 'Sambo' should journey for that land, where—in one sense—'The wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' Consequently the son of 'Ebony' took unceremonious leave of his baffled pursuers, and made headway for 'Her Majesty's' dominions; but not, however, until his pockets were under an obligation to the generosity and noble-heartedness of some of Westford's true gentlemen.

"But the trio! they who came with high expectations of being the recipients of $100 reward, went away sorrowful."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1854.

FOURTH OF JULY.—We learn from the *Liberator* that there will be a Mass Celebration of the Fourth of July, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, in the beautiful Grove at Framingham. We shall probably be able to give a more particular announcement next week.

KANSAS—EMIGRATION THITHER.

REV. W. G KEPHART, formerly a missionary of the American Missionary Association in New Mexico, and who, in his passage thither, had occasion to traverse a considerable portion of the present Territory of Kansas, makes the following suggestions, for the benefit of emigrants to that Territory, in a letter to the *Tribune:*

My first suggestion is, that immigration should be chiefly turned to *Kansas* territory, for two reasons: 1. In point of fertility of soil and other natural advantages, I think it is preferable to Nebraska. Should the Pacific Railroad be constructed upon the central route, which is undoubtedly the preferable one, it must pass through Kansas territory, which abounds in fine streams of water, affording fine facilities for milling and manufacturing purposes, and it contains land unsurpassed in its fertility. 2. *Kansas* will be, and is now, the point especially exposed to the encroachments of Slavery. There is but little danger to Nebraska, if the other can be first filled up with a free population and consecrated to freedom. Nebraska is too far north, and a considerable portion of it too inhospitable in climate, I think, for Slavery to make much progress there. Kansas, lying immediately west and on the borders of Missouri and Arkansas, and being adapted to a like culture in hemp, tobacco, &c., is peculiarly exposed to the encroachments of Slavery. There is, besides, the other fact I have already adverted to, that *Slavery is already there, and must be ousted* NOLENS VOLENS, at least if all the North are of my way of thinking.

My second suggestion is, that companies designing to go out *this year* should go out as soon as possible, and take stores with them for one year. By going out now they will be able to avail themselves of the prairie grass, which may be cut in abundant supplies for the winter. About September the Indians will begin to burn the grass, and, when the process is once commenced, the conflagrations will be rapid and widespread, till in a short time the beautiful prairie will look like a wide-expanded ocean of ink. It is necessary, therefore, that grass should be cut and cured before this burning process commences. Those who go out *late* (though I would advise none to do so) would do well, I think, to take with them *spring wheat*, as I think it would do well, and they would thereby not be deprived of their next year's wheat crop.

If there are Anti-Slavery Baptists who wish to go into this enterprise, I would say to them that there is a Baptist Missionary Station, with a very neat and comfortable meeting-house, just beyond the Missouri line and within about four miles of the flourishing village of Westport, Mo. They will find Mr. Barker and his lady, who have charge of that Mission, true on the Slavery question, I think. Almost within sight of this station is a pro-slavery Methodist station (M. E. Church, South), which needs to be checkmated. The principal of the latter school is the Rev. Mr. Johnston, who was elected, last fall, as Delegate to Congress, through the influence of the pro-slavery party. He is a willing tool in the hands of Atchison.

A few miles from these stations, and near the Kansas River, is a Mission station of the *Friends*. They are Anti-Slavery, of course. The country around these stations consists of some of the finest rolling prairie land in the West, and is convenient to the Missouri River, and lies directly in the region through which a railroad (from St. Louis to St. Joseph) is already projected, I believe, and will doubtless soon be completed.

There is also a pro-slavery Missionary station (a branch of the one above noticed) at Council Grove. It has never had any efficiency heretofore, but there should be an Anti-Slavery mission planted there to watch its motions and counteract its influence. At Council Grove there is a small village, consisting of perhaps seventy-five white persons (but two or three *families*), engaged in trading, &c., with the Indians. This place is 150 miles from Independence, Mo., on the Santa Fé road, situated on the Council Grove Creek, the principal tributary of the Neosha River, and not far from that river. The country around is an upland, rolling prairie—soil fertile; scenery beautiful, and diversified with fine streams belted with excellent timber. There is now a monthly mail through this place to Santa Fé, and quite an extensive travelling and transportation business to and from New Mexico.

Along the Kansas River there is some delightful scenery and a most prolific soil. Indeed, *all* the territory, so far as I have been over it, is a fertile, rolling prairie, abounding in beautiful streams of water, which, with their green beltings of timber, lend at the same time an additional charm to the scenery and productiveness to the soil. It would be a burning shame that this fair heritage should be cursed with the blight of Slavery—that *Kansas* should be suffered to degenerate into another Virginia.

Another plea in favour of the immediate occupation of *Kansas* is, that if *that* can be secured to *freedom*, it will, in my humble judgment *settle the question of Slavery in Missouri*, and that speedily. Slavery has as yet obtained but a comparatively slight hold upon that State, and the Anti-Slavery feeling is strong. Let her thus be surrounded by a cordon of free States, and she will not be long in throwing off the curse.

The Boston *Traveller* gives the following account of a meeting of the Emigrant Aid Company, held in that city on the 19th inst., Amos A. Lawrence presiding.

Addresses were made by the President, Eli Thayer, of Worcester, Otis Clapp, George S. Hillard, Rev. Dr. Gannett, Rev. Doctor Lyman Beecher, a Methodist missionary to the Western States, whose name we did not learn, and others, all in encouragement of the objects of the society, which were stated to be to secure everlasting freedom to Kansas territory. It was announced that the trustees are just now sending on men to study the resources of the country, and make some preparation for the arrival of emigrants, and that the first detachment of 300 or 400 are to leave on the 17th of next month, accompanied by Eli Thayer, of Worcester, one of the trustees, and are to be followed by other detachments within a week or two. Subscribers were forewarned that they may anticipate being called upon to pay the full amount subscribed within a twelvemonth, as the trustees have advertised for proposals for carrying from 20,000 to 150,000 persons from the Eastern States to Kansas this fall.

Throughout the West the warmest sympathy is evinced in the movement; numbers will join the trains of emigrants as they pass through the various localities. The citizens of Rochester, having sent a delegation to inquire into the affairs of the company, are ready to take $150,000 of the stock, and, having heard that Stephen Arnold Douglas is about to establish a pro-slavery paper there, offer to set up a paper in the territory, to be edited by Frederick Douglass—putting Douglass against Douglas. The citizens of Philadelphia are also taking hold of the enterprise. A letter was read from the editor of a paper in the interior of Pennsylvania, proposing to join the enterprise, and establish a first class weekly paper in Kansas. The letter also says that twenty men, farmers and mechanics of that neighbourhood, are about going there, and have resolved that "Slavery shall never desecrate the virgin plains of Kansas, if the strong arms of Northern freemen can prevent it." Hon. Moses H. Grinnell, of New York, has accepted the office of trustee, and the New York branch of the company was represented to be full of hope and enthusiasm.

A CASE OF KIDNAPPING.

THE *Tribune* brings to light another example of that system of kidnapping by which coloured persons born in free States are always liable to be carried off into Slavery. The facts are related by that paper as follows:

Some twelve or fifteen years since, a resident of Monmouth County, N. J., by some means came in possession of a negro boy, aged about twelve years, whom he sent to school a short time, and whose affection and confidence he won by affected kindness. At length he suggested to the boy that he had better learn a trade, and recommended him to the proprietor of a bakery in the neighbourhood, to whom the boy was bound. Thus matters went on, until the keeper of the establishment concluded to remove to Louisiana, when the boy was notified that he must go likewise, and informed for the first time that he was not his own master; that he had been bought, the sum of $600 having been paid for him. Accordingly, he was taken to Louisiana, where he has since remained and now lives. A gentleman residing in New Jersey, who is engaged in navigation, and runs a vessel to Louisiana, while lying at one of the public wharves in that State last winter, was accosted by an intelligent negro man, who desired to know if his vessel did not hail from New Jersey. The captain replied in the affirmative. The negro said he judged so from the appearance of the vessel. The captain then asked the man what he knew about New Jersey. The negro replied that he was taken from that State and sold into Slavery, informing him who did it, at the same time giving him the names of all the principal inhabitants in the town whence he was sold, telling him, also, where he attended school, &c. The captain being acquainted with the place, knew his statements were correct, and promised to use his influence to secure to him his liberty.

Such is the statement we have received from a gentleman who vouches for its entire accuracy. The negro boy has now grown up to manhood, and is said to possess more than ordinary intelligence. His master asks $2.000 for him. It is further stated that the brute who kidnapped and sold him is still a resident of New Jersey, living somewhere in Burlington County. The wretch should be looked up.

It may be well enough to "look up" the kidnapper, but it strikes us that the first thing to be done is to procure the release of his victim. This might be done, probably, through the interposition of the Governor of New Jersey, if the facts, authenticated, were laid before him.

BEECHER AND PARKER.—Rev. Edward Beecher, D. D., having addressed a letter to the *Commonwealth*, taking exception to that part of Theodore Parker's late sermon wherein he spoke of the clergy and their connection with the Compromises of 1850, the latter responded in the following terms:

REV. EDWARD BEECHER, D. D.—*My dear Sir:* I have just read your letter in the *Commonwealth* of this morning, in which you maintain that the statements in my last sermon, respecting the delinquency of the Northern clergy, were too sweeping, and that I did injustice to the ministers who stoutly resisted the fugitive slave bill and its execution. Perhaps the language of the sermon would seem to warrant your opinion. But I have so many times and in so public a manner expressed my respect and veneration for those noble men who have been found faithful in times of peril, that I cannot think I am in general at all obnoxious to the charge you make against me.

In respect to the special sermon of last Sunday, I beg leave to inform you that the *whole* was neither printed nor preached; the entire sermon is now in press, and when you see it I think you will find that I do no injustice to the men you speak of. As I spoke, Sunday, I did not suppose any one would misunderstand my words, or think I wished to be regarded as the only one found faithful. Certainly I have many times done honour to the gentlemen you mention, and to the journals you refer to—with others you do not name. And, allow me to say, the conduct of yourself and all your family has not only been a strong personal encouragement to me, but a theme of public congratulation, which I have often brought forward in lectures and sermons and speeches. I am a little surprised that you should suppose that by the *churches of commerce* in New York, Boston, &c., I mean *all the churches* of these towns. I still think that from 1850 to 1852, the general voice of the New-England churches, so far as it was heard through the press, was in favour of the fugitive slave bill and its execution. This was especially true of the rich and fashionable churches in the great commercial towns. Surely you cannot forget the numerous clerical eulogies on the late Mr. Webster, which sought to justify all his political conduct. I do not think you have made out a very strong case for Andover.

I am sorry to have given pain to a man whose life is so noble and his character so high; but believe me,

Respectfully and truly yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

FAMILY OF JAMES W. WALKER.—We announced, some time since, the death of James W. Walker, who was for many years a faithful champion of the Anti-Slavery cause and an agent of the Western Anti-Slavery Society. We knew him intimately, and can bear testimony to the singleness of heart and purpose with which he devoted his energies to the work of emancipation. His talents were of a high order, his zeal unflagging to the last, his courage indomitable. Like many others, he spared not himself, though his pecuniary reward was scarcely adequate, even with the strictest economy, to the support of his wife and little ones. The latter having been left in utter poverty, his former associates and fellow-labourers have felt it to be their duty to do something for their relief. It is proposed to provide for them a comfortable house and lot, which will not cost a large sum. It is not right for Anti-Slavery Societies to pay their faithful agents so meagerly as to compel them, in case of sudden death, to leave their families in want; but, since our Western friends have been guilty of this fault (we had almost said sin), we hope they will make amends therefor by doing promptly what they feel that they ought to do for Mrs. Walker and her children. Some of our Eastern friends, we doubt not, will take pleasure in aiding them. Donations may be forwarded to Benjamin Bown, or James Barnaby, Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio.

STUPENDOUS FRAUD.

WHEN Mr. Richardson of Illinois moved the Senate Kansas-Nebraska Bill as a substitute for the Bill of the House, he stated distinctly and unqualifiedly that the Clayton Amendment, excluding foreigners from the right of suffrage, was omitted. The bill was passed with this understanding on the part of the House and the country. It turns out that this was a villanous cheat on the part of Richardson and his confederates, the amendment being substantially, though not formally, retained. The bill allows every white male inhabitant above the age of 21 years to vote at the first election (for the choice of a Legislative Assembly). But it is made imperative upon the Assembly to provide by law that in all subsequent elections the right of suffrage and of holding office shall be exercised only by *citizens* and those who have declared on oath their intention to become such, and also taken an oath to support not only the Constitution of the United States, *but the provisions of the bill itself!* In other words, every man, before going to the polls, must swear to support the repeal of the Missouri Restriction!

Upon the rascality thus developed the *Evening Post* comments as follows:

"But the most insulting provision in this section, and the most intolerable provision in the whole bill, is that which makes it and the Constitution of equal sanctity; which compels every man who presents himself at the polls to vote, or as a candidate for office, to swear that he will support the Nebraska bill; and which requires him to devote himself to the propagation of Slavery before he is allowed to exercise the inalienable right of freemen.

"This is the first time an American citizen has ever been required to take an oath to support an act of Congress; it is the first time suffrage and office were ever made dependent upon such an oath; it is the first time the extension of Slavery has been raised to the level of a constitutional duty.

"The operation of this qualification will be to exclude from the polls and from office in the Territories nearly every man who goes there from the free States. It will disfranchise nearly every member of every emigrant association that has yet been formed, and place the entire political power of the Territory in the hands of slaveholders, or Slavery propagandists; for no others will or can take the oath required by the terms of this act.

"It will also exclude from the polls and from office, for five years, every foreigner who may reach the Territory after the first election day.

"As the great bulk of the future settlers of Nebraska will be foreigners and emigrants from the free States, it is obvious that, so far from governing themselves, the inhabitants of the Territory will have comparatively nothing to do with making or administering the laws which they will be required to obey."

Mr. Mace of Indiana has given notice of a bill to defeat the purpose of the conspirators, but we don't believe it can be passed.

MAN-HUNTING IN OHIO.—On Sunday, June 11, nine slaves left their masters in Boone Co., Ky., taking three horses to carry their bundles. On arriving at the Ohio river near Lawrenceburg, they turned the horses homeward again, and taking a skiff, rowed themselves across to the Ohio shore about midnight. After travelling two or three miles, they hid during Monday, in a clump of bushes. When night came on they started northward. They had not proceeded far before they met a coloured man, named John Gyser, who promised to assist them in making their way north. They accompanied him to a stable about two and a half miles from Cincinnati, where they were to remain until evening, when he would return with assistance to aid them in reaching Canada. During the day Gyser visited Covington, and hearing that a reward of $1,000 was offered for their apprehension and arrest, he gave the information.

In the evening a number of Kentuckians surrounded the stable, while the United States Deputy Marshal, George Thayer, assisted by three city officers, went in and arrested them on a warrant, issued by U. S. Commissioner Pendery.

One of the Fugitives, who carried his violin with him, was playing upon it when the stable was entered by the officers. They made very little resistance, and were easily secured and taken to the city, where, after such a trial as the hellish Fugitive Slave act prescribes, they were all given up to the claimants. The poor creatures, when arrested, were in a deplorable condition, their clothing being torn and ragged. They ran away because they were afraid of being sold to the traders. The coloured man who betrayed them was baser than Judas Iscariot, but he was not a whit worse than the Commissioner, the Marshal and the lawyers by whom they were consigned to a life of bondage. The papers say there was no excitement in Cincinnati in consequence of these proceedings! Then ought the people of that city to hide their heads for shame. Nine human beings plunged into life-long Slavery in the "Queen City of the West," and "no excitement"! If Cincinnati is a *Christian* city, what shall we say of Sodom and Gomorrah!

MR. FILLMORE.—We published last week the remark of a correspondent of the *Evening Post*, to the effect that Ex-President Fillmore made himself ridiculous during the passage up the Mississippi, from Rock River to St. Paul, of the great multitude who went out on the Rock River Railroad Excursion. The correspondent of the *Times* relates an incident which shows how the vanity of the ambitious gentleman was, on one occasion at least, happily rebuked. He says:

Mr. Millard Fillmore, Ex-President of the United States, has been making speeches at every available halting-place up the river, with allusion to his Administration and the Fugitive Slave law. At a place called Mount Vernon, where were four log cabins and a pile of wood, Rev. Mr. Kennedy, a passenger on board the Galena, showed his appreciation of the *morale* of the Ex-President's trip. "Gentlemen," he said, addressing one man, who stood upon the pile of wood, "I trust you will believe me, when I tell you that I came here as a private individual, without reference to the distinguished post which I have occupied in the Government of my country, and that I did not expect to be called upon to address you. I intend, gentlemen, to remove all the snags from the Mississippi, to construct railroads from city to city, from town to town, from village to village, throughout the Union, and to insure to every man the greatest reward for the least labour. Gentlemen, this is a proud moment. Whatever my enemies may say of me, I can lay my hand upon my heart, and declare, with a proud consciousness, that I have done my duty. Gentlemen, as a private citizen, I bid you farewell." The speech was received with shouts of laughter and thunders of applause, which the Ex-President, if he had been present, might have considered ironical or otherwise.

THE MAYOR OF BOSTON must feel cheap. After making himself the tool of kidnappers upon the plea that the law compelled him so to do, it turns out, according to the highest legal authority, that he acted not in obedience to law but *against* its positive provisions. P. W. Chandler, Esq., formerly Solicitor for Boston, and well-known as an inveterate opponent of Abolitionism, has written two articles in the *Advertiser*, in which this opinion is clearly stated and fortified by the most convincing argument. He closes his second article in these words:

"I believe the whole thing [the calling out of the troops] was illegal and indefensible on any principles of law or propriety. And, after a careful re-examination of the subject, I do not hesitate to repeat that 'these orders were not only not sanctioned by law, but that they were totally opposed to the law,' and the Major General, so far as he undertook to act under them, was in an illegal position, and placed the men under his command in a peril, of which both they and the public have a right to make serious complaint. The whole thing was a palpable violation of a great principle, and one which ought to be met with decided condemnation from all good citizens, or else,

> 'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
> And many an error, by the same example,
> Will rush into the State.'"

ORIGINAL RIGHTS.—The coloured people of Philadelphia, at a recent meeting, resolved, in substance as follows:

That those who, without crime, are outlawed by any government, can owe no allegiance to its enactments—that, being condemned and treated as outlaws by government for no crime but that of claiming to be men rather than beasts and chattels, we hereby declare ourselves absolved from all obligations to obey its slaveholding behests, and fall back upon our natural rights; that we adopt, and advise all oppressed to adopt, the motto, "Liberty or death," nor will we allow any fellow beings to be enslaved if we can prevent it; that resistance to the slave-hunters is obedience to God, and we

THE *Journal of Commerce* (sometimes aptly called the Journal of Commercial Christianity) which vindicates the Nebraska fraud and the Fugitive Slave act as pre-eminently just and righteous enactments, distends its solemn countenance and lifts up its hands in holy horror at the awful sin of opening the Crystal Palace for a Concert of Sacred Music on Sunday! Did any Pharisee of the olden time ever strain at so diminutive a gnat, or swallow a camel so huge in size and so monstrous in shape?

REV. E. H. CHAPIN will deliver an oration in the Crystal Palace on the 4th of July. This announcement will no doubt attract many thousands of people to that temple of wonders. We trust they will hear something better than the empty declamation so common to our national anniversary. Mr. Chapin has a rare opportunity of doing honour to himself by the utterance of great truths which it has become fashionable for our Fourth-of-July orators to ignore.

GRATUITOUS SERVICE.—The Boston Vigilance Committee having transmitted to Messrs. R. H. Dana, Jr., and C. M. Ellis, through Wendell Phillips, checks for $200 each, "not as compensation, but as a grateful acknowledgment" of their services as counsel for the fugitive Burns, those gentlemen, while expressing their thanks for such an evidence that their labours were appreciated by the friends of freedom, respectfully but firmly refused to receive the money. The correspondence is creditable to all the parties.

THE Boston correspondent of the *Herald* mentions the fact that, at a public meeting recently held in New Bedford, a resolution was adopted advising fugitive slaves to kill those who attempt to arrest them, and adds: "It is said that members of our Supreme Court have expressed the opinion that if a fugitive should slay his master while the latter were hunting him, the deed would not be murder."

A TRUE MAN.—Mr. S. P. Hanscom, being employed on the *Boston Times* as a reporter, and refusing to report the doings in Boston during the "week of humiliation" in a way to suit the editors of that servile sheet—in other words, refusing to caricature the friends of freedom, and write fulsome laudations of Benj. F. Hallett and his kidnapping associates—was ejected from the situation in which he earned his daily bread.

THE EMIGRANT AID COMPANY, of whose plans for the preservation of the Territories of the West from the incursions of Slavery we have spoken of heretofore, intends to send its first cohort of freemen to Kansas about the first of August, and before winter they hope to locate there not less than 20,000 settlers. The company will forthwith forward mechanics and machinery for manufacturing lumber, and proceed to erect receiving houses for emigrants.

THE *American Jubilee*, whose first appearance we noticed some time since, having been placed on a permanent basis, will be published regularly hereafter. It is a monthly paper, devoted to the idea of the *unconstitutionality* of Slavery, and to the measures which naturally result from that doctrine. William Goodell is editor and publisher, 48 Beekman street. Fifty cents per annum.

COMMISSIONER LORING returned to the ladies of Woburn the "thirty pieces of silver" they sent him, with the following note:

"Mr. Loring returns the enclosed money unopened, as he does not need such a memorial to keep fresh his regrets at having incurred the censure of those who sent it. June 5, 1854. Boston."

THE PETITION which was signed at the Merchants' Exchange in Boston by three thousand of the most influential citizens, for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law, has been taken to Washington by Mr. Rockwell, the new Senator. Another similar petition has been placed there, and has already received many signatures.

PROGRESS.—The Committee of the Connecticut Legislature, to whom were referred the petitions for an extension of the electoral franchise to the coloured men of the State, have reported an amendment of the Constitution, *to erase the word* WHITE and making ABILITY TO READ requisite for an elector.

DECAMPED.—The member of Marshal Riley's special guard who was held to bail in the sum of $5,000 for assaulting Richard H. Dana, Jr., counsel for Burns, has decamped, leaving the man who became responsible for his appearance to settle with the State as best he may.

THE *Times* is informed that Senator Douglas has procured a press and other materials for a newspaper office, with which he is about to send a young man out from this city to establish a pro-slavery paper in Kansas.

CHOLERA.—There were fifty-seven deaths from this disease in this city last week. The victims were of the class who inhabit the filthiest localities of the town. There is no panic, but the city authorities are properly taking measures to prevent the spread of the disease.

OUR thanks are due to Messrs. Seward, Chase and Sumner of the Senate, and Messrs. McDougall, Gerrit Smith, Thomas Davis, S. W. Parker, Mayall, J. Z. Goodrich, Giddings, Wade and Bennett of the House, for speeches and documents.

THE Philadelphia *Register* has been changed from a morning to an evening paper. Our thanks are due to the publishers for sending us the best Philadelphia Daily for our Weekly issue.

JOHN P. HALE will speak at a mass meeting of Anti Slavery men, in East Liverpool, Me., on the 4th of July. He will be present at the Free Democratic State Convention, at Lewiston, on the 5th.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER is to be one of the speakers at the great Mass Convention in Painesville, Ohio, on the fourth of July.

POLITICS.

A correspondent of the Syracuse *Standard*, writing from Rochester, says that Frederick Douglass is to be brought out for Congress, in the Monroe District, at the next election, and expresses the opinion that he will be elected.

——The Whigs of New Hampshire have organized on the anti-Nebraska platform, hoping to secure the support of the Free Democracy. Their candidate for Governor is Hon. John Bell, of Exeter.

——The *National Era* advises the Free Soil party in Vermont to coalesce with the Whigs, the latter having dropped old issues and pledged themselves to carry out Anti-Slavery measures.

——In Ohio, County Conventions, composed of men of all parties, are being held to denounce the rule of the Slave Power and to prepare the way for the deliverance of that State from its sway.

——The Legislature of New Hampshire has not yet effected a choice of U. S. Senators. The Administration is nominally in the majority, but a few of the Democratic members are refractory and refuse to endorse the Nebraska swindle by supporting the regularly nominated candidates. It is believed that the election will be postponed for a year.

——Vermont will hold a Mass Convention of all opposed to Slavery Extension at Montpelier on the 4th of July. It is highly probable, the *Tribune* thinks, that the Whig State Ticket will be adopted, and its support placed on the broadest grounds of fidelity to the unchanging principles of the State which never made a slave, never recognised one, and never surrendered an innocent man into life-long bondage.

——The Administration is said to be trying, in its perplexity, to secure the support of the 'Know-Nothings.' Its chances of success in that direction must be small, since it is an undeniable fact that the sham Democracy is thoroughly identified with the very measures which the 'Know-Nothings' are conspiring to defeat. The attempt to tack ship so suddenly betrays the desperation that precedes destruction.

——The members of Congress from the West, who have betrayed their constituents on the Nebraska question, are said to be alarmed at the prospect of returning to their constituents with the story that they were eight months in session and passed none of their railroad bills, no river and harbour bills, no local legislation for their sections—*nothing* but the Nebraska bill. They have an ugly account to settle, certainly.

——There seems to be an excellent prospect of uniting in solid phalanx the whole body of anti-Nebraska voters in Ohio. From the tone of the leading presses of that State, and from various other sources, we learn that a fusion of the Whig and Independent Democratic parties, swollen by large accessions from the ranks of the late Democratic party proper, is about to take place. It is in contemplation to hold a Mass Convention of all the opponents of the Nebraska iniquity, and the yet greater contemplated aggressions of the Slave Power, on the anniversary of the passage of the immortal Ordinance of 1787.

——A call has been issued for a People's Mass Convention, to be composed of all men who are opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the Extension of Slavery and the Rule of the Slave Power, and to assemble in Madison, the Capital of Wisconsin, on the 13th of July. The movement is said to have the hearty concurrence of a large number of citizens, representing all parties. The Milwaukee *Free Democrat* says there is but one sentiment pervading the mass of the people, and that is, that *we must bury all past political differences, and unite to maintain our Liberties and put an end to the domination of Slavery.*

——The opponents of the Nebraska fraud in Indiana, without distinction of party, are to hold a Convention at Indianapolis on the 13th of July—the 67th anniversary of the adoption by Congress of the principle of confining Slavery to the territory already within its grasp—for the purpose of nominating candidates for State offices and opening the way for the Congressional elections soon to take place. Large bodies of Democrats, dissatisfied with the action of their party on the Nebraska and Maine Law questions, are in open rebellion and ready to coalesce with the Whigs and the Free Democracy, and it is believed that the Legislature about to be chosen will elect a U. S. Senator (to succeed Pettit) who will not be a tool of the Slavocracy.

——The *Tribune* advises the Whigs of Michigan to support the Free Soil State ticket already in the field, with the understanding that the U. S. Senator shall be a Whig, and the four Members of Congress Whigs or anti-Nebraska Democrats. This, it thinks, would be a fair division according to the relative numbers of the respective parties; and to its political friends it says: "The only way to make others forget or overlook past differences is to show that we forget them ourselves; and when we wish concessions of others, we must begin by evincing a willingness to make them. Let the Free Soil State ticket be adopted just as it is by the Whigs, without asking of its members or backers any concessions or pledges, and let the Whigs and Independents proceed to nominate candidates for Congress and the Legislature after their own heart, committed only to the most determined resistance to the Nebraska Iniquity and its contrivers." If this advice shall be followed, there is hardly a doubt that the rule of the sham Democracy in Michigan will be effectually broken up.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CXLX.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent excuseth himself for not writing—Mission to Philadelphia—The results—The Bad Friday and the Wicked Week—Martial Law in Boston—Emperor Smith and his Coup d'etat—Fears of the Brave and Follies of the Wise—Who Smith is—Who made him—A bad day's work—Moot questions about him—Judge Curtis and the Grand Jury—Reputed tribulation of Mr. Hallett—The Correspondent vindicateth his Christian Character, &c., &c., &c.*

BOSTON, June 20th, 1854.

I DID not write to you last week, not because I had not plenty to say; but because the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society were pleased to send me along with your Corresponding Editor to Philadelphia (and I was not *displeased* to go) to attend the Special Meeting of the Pennsylvania Society, held to decide on the substitution of the *Standard* for the *Freeman*. I need not give you any details as to that transaction, as you have, doubtless, had the authentic particulars from head-quarters Suffice it to say, that my expedition was as successful as it could be, in its private as well as its public aspects. At least, I am sure, whatever may be the issue of the business arrangements that were there made, that the ambassador had the best of times. As the notice on which I went was short, I missed my usual alternate week, and you and your readers lost, or gained, by the operation, according to your and their several ways of thinking.

It is rather a pity it fell out so, inasmuch as I was as "full of matter" as Jaques himself, just after our Evil Week was over. The Rev. Mr. Wilson, of West Roxbury, calls the very excellent sermon he preached the Sunday after poor Burns was kidnapped, "the Bad Friday," and certainly the whole week deserved to be called the Wicked Week. I hope I shall never have such another to live through. There has been no such day as that since the Revolution, and may there be never such another until the new Revolution is on foot. Though, indeed, that day and its works were part and parcel of the Revolution which is going on even now. Even as the Revolution of 1776 was in process of action all the time that the British troops kept law and order in Boston, as well as when it had drawn them out. But it was by far the least agreeable part of that passage of history. I suppose there was much heart-sinking and many misgivings between 1768 and 1776, during the armed occupation of Boston, as to the probable issues of the conflict going on between Constitutional Liberty and Arbitrary Power, even on the part of the most sanguine patriots. And yet the Right prevailed then, and so it may again. To be sure, the men of 1776 were *Englishmen*, and we have had a generation or two of *Americanization* to dilute and deprave our blood; so that it is not equally certain that we have spirit enough left to be even kicked into resistance of insults and outrages such as those men never dreamed of. But we shall see.

For the first time since '76 Boston was under martial law that day. His Majesty Jerome, of the Dynasty of the Smiths the First, having assumed absolute power by a *coup d'etat*, was graciously pleased to delegate the same in a plenary manner to one Edmands, who was authorized to do whatsoever seemed good in his eyes that was necessary to the secure kidnapping of poor Burns. I don't know the exact line of trade in which this Edmands is; but, of course, it is some one in which his energies have much more exercised in the direction of selling goods than of governing men. And, if all tales be true, it was rather his luck than his virtue that his little brief authority was not baptized in blood. He seemed, as it were, beside himself, that morning, if he were not much belied, and gave the most desperate and bloody directions to his troops about firing on the people. Boston was delivered up for that day to the tender mercies of an armed rabble drunk with shame, fear and brandy, and it seemed almost an immediate Interposition of Providence that hundreds were not killed on one side and the other. For, had a trigger been drawn by the militia, the passions of the people looking on, and which could hardly be restrained as it was, would not have suffered their blood to flow unavenged. At least, it is not likely. I would say that the real soldiers behaved very well.

The only comfort one had in the sight of the armed slave-catchers in livery was, that they did look thoroughly ashamed and frightened. The hootings, groans and hisses with which they were everywhere received, and which utterly drowned the bought cheers of a handful of tide-waiters and excisemen employed for the purpose, had their due effect. And, moreover, they had mysterious apprehensions of attack which might spoil their fine clothes, if not damage their precious persons. Undoubtedly, there was more or less danger of an outbreak, all the day, occasioned and provoked by the lawless and disgraceful conduct of Mayor Smith, which might naturally make such hogs in armour feel a little nervous. But, besides this, there were floating rumours that preparations had been made by men, by no means Abolitionists, and whose very names made as bold men as the Mayor and the Major-General turn pale, for a forcible rescue of Burns, at any expense of the lives of his kidnappers. There were reports flying about of this description. Of course, I cannot vouch for the truth of them, not being in the councils of these eminent conspirators (if any such existed, except in the frighted imaginations of the officials); but some apprehensions of the kind are the only plausible reasons that can be given for the almost frantic doings of that day.

And the militia men have had the grace to stultify themselves by trying to show that they did not help carry back Burns, because they did not actually march behind and before him in his especial guard of honour. As if the troops that line the streets when the President is received are not as much a part of the escort as those that go before and after him. As if there were any difference in the official character of the policemen that keep guard round the gallows and those that attend the man to be hanged to it. Nice distinctions these, indeed! But they show that conscience is doing some part of its function, if not its perfect work. It was certainly very hard that poor Frank Knapp should have been hanged for the murder of old Mr. White, at Salem, when he only kept guard in the street while Dick Crowningshield went in and knocked the old man over the head.

This Dr. Smith, who has been (most appropriately) hoisted into a place entirely above his capacity by the Know Nothings, and for the very reason that they did know nothing about him, was first put into some subordinate medical post by the elder Quincy when Mayor of this City. From that time he has been a parasite of some kind on the municipality, and has at last been *boosted* up to the top of it. He has always said that Mr. Quincy was the making of him. I must be bold to say that I do not believe that worthy gentleman ever turned out a more indifferent piece of work during his long and industrious life. It has always been a moot point in Boston, for the last quarter of a century, whether Dr. Smith were more knave or fool. How far his conduct during that Black Week will help to settle this vexed question, you are perhaps as competent to decide as I.

Of course, you have read Judge Curtis's charge to the Grand Jury—instructing them, in effect, that all that took part in the Faneuil Hall Meeting should be indicted for the Misdemeanour of resisting the officers of the United States. He certainly spared no pains to bring about this desirable result, and I imagine that District Attorney Hallett will be no whit behind him in zeal for justice and his country. No accounts have as yet reached us from the *penetralia* of the Grand Jury Room. There are rumours that the eminent patriot just mentioned, who has signalized himself by twice hindering the purchase of poor Burns's freedom, has been heard to say that "he could do nothing with that d—d Grand Jury!" Let us hope that his patriotic aspirations will not be wholly disappointed. Only I cannot believe that in a country where piety and negro-stealing are so nearly allied, that this Saint (who was a delegate to the last Episcopal Convention) could have made use of so strong an expression even with regard to so profligate a body as a disobedient Grand Jury.

D. Y.

SUMMARY.

Mr. John Van Buren expects to sail for Europe on the 1st July, to be absent from three to four months. He intends to visit Scotland, St. Petersburg and Constantinople.

About thirty years ago, Gen. Cass owned a farm in what is now the heart of Detroit; and, by simply "holding on," he has become the possessor of a fortune estimated at three millions of dollars.

It is said by those who have carefully investigated the subject, that the betrayal of our Saviour by Judas Iscariot was conducted throughout in a strictly legal manner. No law was violated, except by Peter, who cut an officer's ear off.

The Society of Friends in Pennsylvania, New York, New England, Michigan, and Canada, propose to establish a "free cotton factory," and use nothing but the products of free labour.

A COMPLIMENT FOR GOV. BOUTWELL.—The *Commonwealth* says of Massachusetts—"She has not had a *man* yet in her Gubernatorial chair." This is making a Pope Joan of the Sage of Groton with a vengeance. And yet the Free Soilers elected and re-elected him.

ONE OF THE D-O-G-S DEAD.—Dr. Olds, one of the traitors to the North, has been repudiated by his flunky friends in the Franklin District. His medicine was too strong to take, so they shipped him aside and nominated Gen. Andrews.—*Cleveland Leader.*

A BLACK LINE ACROSS THE COUNTRY.—On one of the banners of the procession that serenaded Senator Douglas in New York was the motto, "No black line across the country." They evidently prefer to have the whole country black, on both sides of the line, and to its farthest boundaries.

A reverend speaker was earnestly pleading a cause at one of the religious anniversaries in Boston, recently, when a fine set of false teeth, which occupied his mouth, dropped out upon the floor, and he was obliged to recover the wandering ivory before he could proceed with his appeal.

PRETTY CHEAP.—A writer in *De Bow's Review* says, in a comparison of South Carolina with Massachusetts, that the former "has an *advantage of more than one hundred per cent.* in the cost of labour necessary to carry on her manufactories."

A long communication has appeared in the Binghamton *Democrat*, under the head of "Why the Missouri compromise should be repealed," which is said to have been written by Daniel S. Dickinson, which goes to disprove the idea that Mr. Dickinson was opposed to the repeal of the Missouri compromise.

The Inspector of Liquors appointed in Tuscarawas County (Ohio) is an eminent German chemist. He informs the editor of the *New-Philadelphia Advocate* that nearly all the liquor he has examined, which is sold for brandy, is nothing but whiskey, in which there has been put a few drugs to give it colour and change the taste.

SLAVES IN WASHINGTON CITY.—The assessment of taxable property, this year, puts the value of the slaves here at $299,265. Many of these are owned in Maryland and Virginia, and are hired here. By returning them to their homes a day before the expiration of their year of service, to send them back again the second day after, their owners avoid forfeiting them to freedom under our laws.—*Nat. Era.*

JEFFERSON REVISED.—It is thought they have got a new edition of the Declaration of Independence at the South, especially calculated for that latitude. The following is said to be the beginning of the precious instrument: "White men are born with considerable freedom and endowed with inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the *pursuit of niggers!*"—*Portland Adv.*

If Southern gentlemen would not be instrumental in the political prostitution of their sons, they should not send them to Harvard for law, nor to Yale for science.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

Is there no gratitude extant? Does not the *Enquirer* know that Loring teaches law at "Harvard"?—*Commonwealth.*

ANOTHER PATRIOT.—U. S. Commissioner Wilcox, of Columbus, publishes a card in the Columbus *Fact*, announcing his resignation, and intimating that he declines the office because he is unwilling to execute the Fugitive Slave law.—*Buff. Express.*

Every decent man should follow his example.—*Albany Eve. Jour.*

DEATH OF AN AGED COLOURED MAN.—Bister or Bristol Underwood, a coloured man, who had for a great many years resided in the vicinity of Kent's Mills, Pawtucket, Mass., died on Wednesday morning last. His age was not positively known, but is believed to have been upwards of a hundred years. He was a slave in Newport, R. I., previous to the revolutionary war. He was a man of herculean frame, and retained his physical powers to a remarkable extent until within two or three years of his death.—*Pawtucket Gaz.*

VIRGINIA LAW.—We have it on good authority that a lawyer from Virginia, visiting, last week, a member of the Suffolk Bar, remarked, "Mr. Loring must have been very anxious to send back a fugitive, for I have conversed with two of our Virginia lawyers, and they say no Virginia Judge would ever have condemned a man on such evidence." Would we might be blessed with a little Virginia law!!!—*Bost. Commonwealth.*

Archy Kasson, formerly of Syracuse, and one of the founders of St. Paul's Church in that city, died at Buffalo. His remains were brought to Syracuse for interment. The procession, on its way to said church, was stopped and the corpse refused admittance for the reason that of late years Mr. Kasson had worshipped with Unitarians. They permitted the coffin to stay in the vestibule only.

"A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* suggests to the editors of the Boston *Post* the propriety of changing the descriptive name of their city from the 'Athens of America' to the 'City of the *Seizers*.'"—*Amherst Exp.*

That would suit the seizers exactly, as they could then vindicate their right to recover fugitives by the "*higher law.*" See Matt. xxii., 21.—*Springfield Post.*

Rev. Henry Wood, of Concord, N. H., who defended Gen. Pierce from charges of immorality, during the Presidential campaign, has been appointed a Chaplain in the army.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

Well, what of that?—Gen. Pierce never stood in greater need of such a defender than since he undertook to become the defender of Slavery.—*Nat. Era.*

Anthony Burns, says the *Congregationalist*, was a regularly licensed minister of the Gospel in the ranks of our Baptist brethren, and belonged to the same church with Col. Suttle. The Mohammedan law declares that the shackles on the slave of the Moslem shall fall off in that moment when he becomes a proselyte to the faith of Mecca. It is left for *Christianity* to witness and to sanction the holding of one church member in bondage by another!

S. M. Booth, the fearless champion of right in Wisconsin, was seized by the United States Marshal of Milwaukee (being delivered up by his bail), and was about to be incarcerated. A writ of *habeas corpus* was issued by Judge Smith. The Sheriff appeared and demanded the prisoner, but the Marshal replied: "Uncle Sam is the bigger man and will not yield to Wisconsin." "That will depend upon who is the strongest, you or I," replied the State officer, and taking Booth off, left the Marshal alone in his glory. The result we have not heard.—*Cleaveland Leader.*

FUGITIVES FROM SLAVERY.—A fugitive slave and his wife, on their way from the South, in the cars, to a place of safety, a day or two since, when within a short distance of this city, discovered their former owner in the same car, who, it appears, had recognised them. The fugitives were in a state of great trepidation, but a friend who learned the facts of the case, induced them to get out when they reached a neighbouring village. A covered wagon was procured, and the fugitives were taken with all speed to this city, and embarked on board a vessel which soon after sailed for the British provinces.—*Bost. Trav.*

STAMPEDE OF SLAVES.—During Tuesday night, twenty-three negroes, owned in Grant and adjoining counties, left their master's roofs, and escaped to the Licking River, where they lashed together several canoes, and in disguise they rowed down the Licking River to the Ohio, and thence down to a point near the Sylvan House, where they disembarked, and made a circuitous route to the northern part of the city. Early yesterday morning, they were run off on the route to Canada, by the underground railway.—*Cincinnati Atlas.*

Two sucking Southrons, students in Cambridge, having kicked up a muss, and assaulted a Boston Policeman, were sentenced to imprisonment in the House of Correction. At this the South Carolina *Standard* waxes terribly indignant, and descants upon the impropriety of sending boys to the North to be educated, which is tantamount to an assertion of the impropriety of educating them at all, since schools and colleges are by no means as plenty as blackberries and blackguards in that favoured region.—*New Bedford Mer.*

NOT TO BE BOUGHT.—The Providence *Tribune* says: "Shortly before the passage of the Nebraska bill through the Senate, President Pierce sought an interview with Gov. Allen, of the U. S. Senate, and in the course of conversation began to question him with a view of obtaining his support for that measure. 'Sir,' was Mr. Allen's characteristic retort, 'I have no favours to ask for at your hands, and nothing to expect; and if you want to *buy me* you haven't money enough in Washington to do it.'"

AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE TO BE RE-OPENED!—Senator Slidell, *as a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs*, in secret session in the Senate, has lately moved to give notice of a termination of the treaty stipulation with Great Britain binding us to keep a naval force on the coast of Africa for the suppression of the slave trade! This is only a preliminary step to the repeal of the law forbidding the *African Slave Trade*, which, ere long, is to be *re-opened by Congress.* This, at least, is the design of the propagandists.

NEGRO EXCITEMENT AT PORTLAND.—A police officer from Elmira, New York, followed a black man to Portland last week, who had committed several burglaries at the former place. The darkey pretended to be a fugitive slave, but the officer was armed with letters from S. S. Foster, and Rev. Mr. Higginson, which stated that he was an impostor and a great knave. His name is Warren Victor, but he called himself James Bush. He was committed to prison to await a requisition from the Governor of New York.

SHOCKING DEATH ON A MAN-OF-WAR.—A private letter has been received in Philadelphia, stating that a seaman named John Welsh, of Boston, on the sloop-of-war St. Marys, now on her way home, met with his death recently, under shocking circumstances. On the 11th May, having got drunk, and flogging not being allowed, he was placed, by way of punishment, in "the cage"—a wretched, ill-ventilated place of confinement. He was heard to groan during the night, but the groans ceased before morning, and at 8 o'clock, when "the cage" was opened, he was taken out a corpse!

ENCOURAGING.—Col. Suttle came to Boston, after his negro, a Union man. The government spent $30,000 in the capture and custody of the fugitive; a thousand State troops were under arms; the business part of the city was given up to the more absorbing business of catching and sending off a runaway slave; intense excitement prevailed through Boston, and spread to all parts of the State; against all the popular sentiment, and against a deep feeling of outrage, the supremacy of the law is vindicated; and Col. Suttle goes back a *disunionist!*—*Prov. Jour.*

Mr. Clayton has prepared and is about to introduce a bill providing that Consular Sea letters shall be issued to American vessels in foreign ports only after the applicant shall have made oath that the vessel is not destined for a voyage to Africa; also that these letters shall contain upon their face a stipulation that they shall be void if the vessel approaches the African Coast before returning to the United States. The object of this bill is to prevent the abuse of the Sea-letter, and the American Flag under it, by prostituting them to the purposes of the African Slave Trade.—*Times.*

SLAVE CASE IN HARRISBURG, PA.—On the evening of the 12th inst., three Marylanders and a Marshal from Philadelphia made their advent in Harrisburg, with a warrant from a Philadelphia Commissioner, for the purpose of taking a coloured man who was claimed by one of the party as his slave. The man was working at the time in one of the brick-yards in town. A hint was given the man, and long before morning he had taken passage by the "Underground Railroad," to the great disappointment of the "nigger-catchers."

The Nebraska men in Warren, Trumbull County, Ohio, undertook to fire a salute in honour of the bill, a few days since; but they had hardly commenced when every bell in town was manned, and such a doleful tolling as was kept up between the salutes was never before heard in that vicinity. Another attempt was made at nine o'clock, and almost instantly the bells again rung out a mournful dirge. At noon the Nebraskians rallied again with no better success. After supper the shooting was undertaken once more; by this time the Warren Brass Band had mounted to the cupola of a church, and between the pauses of the firing, played the Dead March in Saul, the bells all the while tolling a solemn knell.

The publisher of the *Southern Quarterly Review* announces that his periodical will have to expire with the July number unless his subscribers pay up. The *Review* was started as a purely sectional work. It has advocated all the peculiarities of the South with marked ability. It has plenty of subscribers to support it, but they won't pay. They are liberal to a fault, but they can't pay for literature. Let the schoolmasters be shot and the periodicals killed, and the South will soon sink into that utter darkness which properly belongs to the foul system which it so pertinaciously defends.—*Pittsburgh Jour.*

WOMEN'S "RIGHTS" IN TURKEY.—A foreign correspondent of the Worcester *Palladium* writes: "Please tell my friend, Miss Lucy Stone, that I saw in the streets of Constantinople, in yellow slippers, and riding straddle on a horse, Kara-Fatma-Haneum, a noble and rich lady of Marach, who solicited and obtained a command among the Turkish volunteer forces. She has under her orders a battalion of 500 wicked looking Asiatics, equipped by herself. She is about 50 years old, goes veiled in the ordinary manner, but shows her face freely in spite of her veil. One sees by the expression of her countenance that she is made of the right stuff. She will do something."

JUDGE DOUGLAS BACKED OUT.—We understand that rooms had been taken for Judge Douglas, at one of our principal hotels, and that he was expected to arrive on Sunday morning. But the public indignation became so uproarious on Sunday, in expectation of his visit, that the postmaster telegraphed him not to come, that the town was rather too warm a place for him at present. When this fact became known, the public were satisfied the traitor did not intend to venture on a visit here, and the excitement somewhat subsided.

Whether our Senator will visit Chicago this season or not, we are uninformed. Should he venture upon such an expedition, we promise him an audience ten times as large as any that he ever stood before in Chicago.—*Chicago Trib.* 13th.

A Complimentary Supper was given at Richmond, Va., to Marshal Riley and his aids of Boston, who went thither as captors and guards of poor Anthony Burns, whom they safely lodged in jail, notwithstanding the lies so freely told of his willingness to go back, rejoicing that he was clear of the Abolitionists, &c., &c. The supper was given at the American Hotel, and we believe was not paid for out of the Federal Treasury, as all other of the heavy expenses were. We trust the Marshal and sub-marshals were able to digest the viands without nightmare, though their position at the feast strongly reminds us of the reply of a backwoodsman who had tried to eat a porcupine, and whom we asked how it tasted. He said the meat seemed well enough in itself, but, *somehow or other, the quills seemed to prick his jaws.* We presume *something* pricked a little at Richmond.—*Tribune.*

If Solomon Swap's horse strays into Virginia, and he has some difficulty in reclaiming him, do the United States spend thousands upon thousands to help Solomon? Not a bit of it. But if Col. Suttle's man-horse Anthony Burns runs away *from* Virginia, and there is difficulty in reclaiming him in Boston, the government puts the whole treasury at the Colonel's command.

There is nothing like having a negro element in any matter to which you want to call the attention of the fellows in Washington. If the Amistad captives had been white instead of black, do you suppose Frank Pierce would have recommended Congress to pay for them? If the French Spoliation claim had been for runaway slaves, it would have been paid ages ago. If you want your rights and interests attended to, you must go South and own human cattle.—*New Bed. Mer.*

The *Seneca Observer* says of the Fugitive Slave law:

"Nothing tests better the law-abiding feeling of a community than the execution of a law of this kind. The execution of a law which is a popular one with the masses is no merit. It is simply doing that which every one desires should be done. But the submission of a community to the requisitions of a law which they disapprove is a positive merit."

—If this is good logic, then the mothers who gave up their children for human sacrifices in old times were saints of the first water, and those Jews who helped crucify Christ, believing him innocent, were men of extraordinary merit. This we can understand. But then what shocking reprobates our grandfathers were in resisting the Stamp Act and pouring the tea into Boston harbour!—*Tribune.*

A CUTTING REBUKE TO THE KIDNAPPING COMMISSIONER.—Yesterday morning, while Commissioner Loring was passing through Boylston Market, his attention was arrested at the stall of Mr. W. by the inviting appearance of a pig, handsomely dressed and ready for roasting, when he approached the stall, and the following conversation took place:

Com. Loring.—Mr. W., what is the price of this pig?
Mr. W.—Mr. Loring, I can't sell you that pig.
Com. Loring.—Can't sell me that pig—why not, sir?
Mr. W.—I'm afraid, sir, that your money would burn my pocket. I have no wish to handle any portion of the ten dollars for which the liberty of a citizen of Massachusetts was sold.

The rebuke was heard by several persons present, who saw the colour rise to the cheek of the guilty Commissioner, who departed without making any further inquiries about the price of the pig.—*Commonwealth.*

The Albany *Atlas* thinks the African Slave Trade cannot be re-opened because of "*the constitutional clause forbidding the slave trade after* 1808." There is no such clause. The Constitution says (Art. I. sec. 9) that

"The migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit, *shall not be prohibited by Congress prior to* 1808."—

but there is no requisition that their importation after 1808 *shall* be prohibited, nor that any inhibition imposed shall be irrepealable and perpetual. And besides, the doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty" now current is square in the teeth of any such prohibition. Suppose the sovereigns of Texas choose to buy their negroes from Africa at a cost of $100 each, rather than pay Virginia and Maryland $1,000 per head for them, how can a follower of Douglas uphold the present restriction? If Popular Sovereignty can carry slaves into Kansas, it can import them from Africa, and no honest advocate of the doctrine can oppose it.—*Tribune.*

NINETEENTH

Annual Anti-Slavery Fair of Pennsylvania.

THE Committee of Arrangements for the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair invite their coadjutors to commence, at a very early period, their preparations for the Bazaar of 1854. The great success which rewarded their labours, in this department of Anti-Slavery effort, last year, encourage to renewed exertion. The Committee are resolved to do all in their power to make the Fair of 1854 superior to that of any previous year. To accomplish this they rely upon the hearty co-operation of those who have, for many years past, aided them in these labours. They hope to enlist in the work, others, also, who have hitherto stood by, as unconcerned spectators of our enterprise, or have been content to bestow upon it their friendly wishes, excusing themselves from active participation in our efforts. We earnestly invite all who desire that American Slavery shall be abolished, to join us in this work. The present condition of our country forbids every true patriot to be inactive now. The efforts which are being made to extend the curse of Slavery over an immense portion of our free territory should be met by most energetic action on the part of the opponents of Slavery. The battle between Freedom and Slavery is daily thickening, and if it is to be won for Freedom, it must be by the ceaseless vigilance, the untiring energy, of the true friends of Liberty.

Our Annual Fair is an important instrumentality in our enterprise, because it furnishes money, the sinews of war. Nor thus alone; its direct moral influences on public sentiment have been, again and again, proved. Our former fellow-labourers will scarcely need suggestions from us, respecting the modes of working for the Fair. To others who have had less experience in the work, we would say, that almost any marketable commodity will find a sale in our Bazaar. Donations of manufactured articles, or materials for manufacture; of dry goods; of groceries; of the farm, the garden, or the dairy; of toys, books, pictures, stationary, &c., &c., will be very acceptable. They who have time to bestow, may use it, most profitably, in preparing various kinds of *nice needle* work. This is much in requisition, and commands speedy sales.

To all who are in any degree interested in our cause, we say, that any donations of money, or the equivalents of money, which may be entrusted to us, will be profitably disposed of, and the proceeds devoted to the dissemination of Anti-Slavery doctrines and sentiments throughout this nation.

Sarah Pugh,	Margaretta Forten,
Anna M. Hopper,	Emma Parker,
Lucretia Mott,	Sarah L. Child,
Huldah Justice,	Anna M. Child,
Jennette Jackson,	Abby Kimber,
Mary Grew,	Martha Kimber,
Margaret Jones,	Rebecca S. Hart,
Gulielma M. Jones,	Elizabeth Gay,
Maria M. Davis,	Hannah Haydock,
Elizabeth M. Davis,	Evelina Supplee,
Emily W. Taylor,	Mary Shaw,
Sarah A. McKim,	Susan W. Shaw,
Clementine G. Ruby,	Elizabeth Carman,
Hannah L. Stickney,	Martha Carman,
Mary T. Stickney,	Mary A. Hall,
Elizabeth J. Lewis,	Lydia White,
Harriet D. Purvis,	Sarah M. Douglass,
Rebecca Plumly,	Hannah Steele,
Mary M. Jennings,	Anne Parker,
Mary Tesse,	E. Clendennon,
Mary A. W. Johnson,	Sarah Kenderdine,
Gertrude K. Burleigh,	Cynthia Collins.
Hester Reckless,	Martha A. Galvin,
Margaret Griscom,	Rosanna Thompson,
Olive Bacon,	Annie Shoemaker.

DICKENS'S

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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Miscellaneous Department.

MASSACHUSETTS IN MOURNING!

A SERMON,

By T. W. Higginson, Minister of the Worcester (Mass.) Free Church.

Jer. xv., 12.—Shall iron break the Northern iron and the steel?

You have imagined my subject beforehand, for there is but one subject on which I could preach, or you could listen, to-day. Yet, how hard it is to say one word of that! You do not ask, at a funeral, that the bereaved mourners themselves should speak, but you call in one a little farther removed, to utter words of comfort, if comfort there be. But to-day is, or should be, to every congregation in Massachusetts, a day of funeral service—we are all mourners—and what is there for me to say.

Yet, even in this gloom, the faculty of wonder is left; as at funerals, men ask in a low tone around the coffin, what was the disease that smote this fair form, and are we safe from the infection? So we now ask, what is lost, and how have we lost it, and what have we left? Is it all gone, gone (men say), that old New England heroism and enthusiasm? Is there any disinterested love of Freedom left in Massachusetts? And then they think with joy (as I do), that, at least, Freedom did not die without a struggle, and that it took thousands of armed men to lay her in the grave at last.

I am thankful for all this. Words are nothing—we have been surfeited with words for twenty years. I am thankful that this time there was action also ready for Freedom. God gave men bodies, to live and work in; the powers of those bodies are the first things to be consecrated to the Right. He gave us higher powers, also, for weapons, but in using those, we must not forget to hold the lower ones also ready; else we miss our proper manly life on earth, and lay down our means of usefulness before we have outgrown them. "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's. Our souls and bodies are both God's and resistance to tyrants is obedience to Him.

If you meet men whose souls are contaminated, and have time enough to work on them, you can deal with them by the weapons of the soul alone; but if men array brute force against Freedom—pistols, clubs, drilled soldiers, and stone walls—then the body also has its part to do in resistance. You must hold yourself above men, I own, yet not too far above to reach them.

I don't like even to think of taking life, only of giving it; but physical force that is forcible enough, acts without bloodshed. They say that with twenty more men at hand, that Friday night, at the Boston Court House, the slave might have been rescued without even the death of that one man—who was perhaps killed by his frightened companions, then and there. So you see, force may not mean bloodshed; and calm irresistible force, in a good cause, becomes sublime. The strokes on the door of that Court House that night for instance—they may perchance have disturbed some dreamy saint from his meditations (if dreamy saints abound in Court Square)—but I think they went echoing from town to town, from Boston to far New Orleans, like the first drum beat of the Revolution—and each reverberating throb was a blow upon the door of every slave-prison of this guilty Republic.

The first faint throb of Liberty was a proud thing for Boston; Boston which was a scene so funereal a week after. Men say the act of one Friday helped prepare for the next; I am glad if it did. If the attack on the Court House had no greater effect than to send that slave away under a guard of two thousand men, instead of two hundred, it was worth a dozen lives. If we are all slaves indeed—if there is no law in Massachusetts except the telegraphic order from Washington—if our own military are to be made slave-catchers—if our Governor is a mere piece of State ceremony, permitted only to rise at a military dinner and thank his own soldiers for their readiness to shoot down his own constituents, without even the delay of a riot act—if Massachusetts is merely a conquered province and under martial law—*then I wish to know it*, and I am grateful for every additional gun and sabre, that forces the truth deeper into our hearts. *Lower Massachusetts, lower, kneel lower still!* Serve Irish Marines! the kidnappers, your masters; down in the dust, citizen soldiery! before the Irish Marines, and for you, O Governor, a lower humility yet, and your homage must be paid, at second hand, before the stained and soiled "citizen soldiery!"

I remember the great trades-procession in Boston, a few years since, in honour of the visitors from the North, from the free soil of Canada. Then all choice implements, which Massachusetts had invented to supply the industry of the world, were brought forth for exhibition, and superb was the show. This time we had visitors from the South—the South which uses tools also, and imports them all, hoes, spades, axes, politicians, and ministers. So the last new implements, for her use, were to be exhibited now. There were twenty-one specimens of Boston military companies. There were the two hundred more confidential bullies, for whom the city was ransacked, men so vile, that it was said the police had no duties left, for all the dangerous persons were employed as policemen themselves—men whom a Police Judge having inspected, recognised criminal after criminal, who had been sentenced by himself to the House of Correction; these came next. Truly as there is joy in Heaven over one sinner who repenteth, so there was joy in Boston that day, over one sinner who had not repented—over every man in whom the powers of hell were strong enough, aided by public brandy, to fit him for that terrible service. Those were the tools marshalled forth for exhibition. But why were these only shown? Why were the finer, the more precious implements kept invisible that day, the real engines of that slaveholder's triumph? Why not make the picture perfect? Place, O Chief Marshal, between the slave and the guardian cannon, the crowning glory of that sad procession, the slaveholder in his carriage, and *chain, on the one side, the Mayor of Boston, and, on the other side, the Governor of the Commonwealth*, with the motto, "The Representative Men of Massachusetts—*These tools she gives, Virginia, to thee!*"

I mean no personality. The men who occupy these offices, are men who (I have always thought) did them honour. I suppose that neither would own a slave, nor (personally) catch one. No doubt they favourably represent the average of Massachusetts men. *But I introduce them for precisely this reason*, to show the tragedy of our American institutions, that they take average Massachusetts men, put them into public office, and then, demanding more of them than than their education gives them manliness to meet—use them, crush them, and drop them, into the dishonour with which these hitherto honoured men are suddenly overwhelmed to-day.

If such be the influence of our national organization, what good do our efforts do? Our labour to reform the North, with the whole force of nationalized Slavery to resist, is like the effort of Sir John Franklin, on his first voyage, to get northward by travelling on the ice. He travelled toward the pole for six weeks, no doubt of that; but at the end of the time he was 200 miles farther from it than when he started. The ice had floated southward—*and our ice floats southward also.* And so it will be, while this Union concentrates power in the hands of slaveholders, and gives the North only commercial prosperity, the more thoroughly to enervate and destroy it.

Here, for instance, is the Nebraska Emigration Society; it is indeed, a noble enterprise, and I am proud that it owes its origin to a Worcester man—but where is the good of emigrating to Nebraska, if Nebraska is to be only a transplanted Massachusetts, and the original Massachusetts has been tried and found wanting? Will the stream rise higher than its source? Settle your Nebraska ten years, and you will have your New England harvest of corn and grain, more luxuriant in that virgin soil; ah, but will not the other Massachusetts crop come also, of political demagogues and wire-pullers, and a sectarian religion, which will ensure the passage of the greatest hypocrite to heaven, if he will join the right church before he goes? And give the emigrants twenty years more of prosperity, and then ask them, if you dare, to break law and disturb order, and risk life, merely to save their state from the shame that has just blighted Massachusetts!

In view of these facts, what stands between us and a military despotism? "Sure guarantees," you say. So has every nation thought until its fall came. "The outward form of Roman institutions stood uninjured till long after Caligula had made his horse consul." What is your safeguard? Nothing but a parchment constitution, which has been riddled through and through, whenever it pleased the slave power; which has not been able to preserve to you the oldest privileges of freedom, Habeas Corpus and Trial by Jury! Stranger, still, that men should think to find a security in our material prosperity, and our career of foreign conquest, and our acquisition of gold mines, and forget that these have been precisely the symptoms which have prophesied the decline of every powerful commercial state: Rome, Carthage, Tyre, Venice, Spain, Holland, and all the rest.

In the third century after the birth of Jesus, Terullian painted that brilliant picture of the Roman power, which describes us, as if it were written for us:

"Certainly," says he, "the world becomes more and more our tributary, none of its secret recesses have remained inaccessible, all are known, frequented, and all have become the scene or the object of traffic. Who now dreads an unknown island? who trembles at a reef? our ships are sure to be met with everywhere—everywhere is a people, a state, everywhere is life. We crush the world beneath our weight—*onerosi sumus mundo.*"

And Rome perished, almost when the words were uttered!

How simple the acts of our tragedy may be. Let another fugitive slave case occur, and more blood be spilt, (as may happen another time); let Massachusetts be declared insurrectionary, and placed under martial law (as it might be); let the President be made dictator, with absolute power; let him send his willing Attorney General to buy up officers of militia (which would be easy), and frighten officers of State (which would be easier); let him get half the press, and a quarter of the pulpits, to sustain his usurpation, under the name of "law and order;" let the flame spread from New England to New York, from New York to Ohio, from Ohio to Wisconsin; and how long would it take for some future Franklin Pierce to stand where Louis Napoleon stands now? How much would the commercial leaders of the East resist, if an appeal were skilfully made to their pockets? or the political demagogues of the West, if an appeal were made to their ambition? It seems inconceivable! Certainly—so did the *coup d' etat* of Louis Napoleon, the day before it happened!

"Do not despair of the Republic," says some one, remembering the hopeful old Roman motto. But they had to despair of that one in the end, and why not of this one also? Why, when we are going on, step by step, as older Republics have done, should we expect to stop just as we reach the brink of Niagara? The love of liberty grows stronger every year, some think, in some places. Thirty years ago it cost only $25 to restore a fugitive slave from Boston, and now it costs $100,000; *but still the slave is restored.* I know there are thousands of hearts which stand pledged to liberty now, and these may save the State, in spite of her officials and her military, but can they save the nation? They may give us disunion instead of despotism, but can they give us anything better? Can they even give us anything so good? We talk of the Anti-Slavery sentiment as being stronger; but in spite of your Free Soil votes, your "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and your New York *Tribunes*, here is the simple fact. *The South beats us more and more easily every time.* So chess-players, when they have once or twice overcome a weak antagonist, think it safe, next time, to give up to him a half-dozen pieces by way of odds; and after all, gain the victory. Compare this Nebraska game with the previous ones. The slave power, could afford to give us the Whig party on our side, this time—could give up to us the commercial influence of Boston, and New York, so strong an ally before—it has not had the name and presence of Daniel Webster to help it now, nor the voices of clergymen, nor the terror of disunion, nor the weariness after a long Anti-Slavery excitement; it had dispensed with all these; nay, the whole contest was on our own soil, to defend the poor little landmark we had retreated to, long before: and for all this, the slave power has conquered us on Texas, Mexico, and the compromises of 1850.

No wonder that this excitement is turning Whigs and Democrats into Free Soilers, and Free Soilers into disunionists. But this is only the eddy, after all; the main current sets the wrong way. The nation is intoxicated and depraved. It takes all the things you count as influential—all the "spirit of the age," and the "moral sentiment of Christendom," and the best eloquence and literature of the time—to balance the demoralization of a single term of Presidential patronage. Give the offices of the nation to be controlled by the slave power, and I tell you that there is not one in ten, even of professed Anti-Slavery men, who can stand the fire of that furnace of sin; and there is not a plot so wicked but it will have, like all its predecessors, a sufficient majority when the time comes.

Do you doubt this? Name, if you can, a victory of freedom, or a defeat of the slave power, within twenty years, except on the right of petition, and even that was only a recovery of lost ground. Do you say, the politicians are false, that the people mark the men who betray them! True, they mark them, but as merchants mark goods, with the cost price, that they may raise the price a little, when they want to sell the same article again. You must go back to the original Missouri Compromise, if you wish to prove that even Massachusetts punishes traitors to Freedom, by any severer penalty than a seat on her Supreme Bench. For myself, I do not believe in those Anti-Slavery spasms of our people, for the same reason that Coleridge did not believe in ghosts, because I have seen too many of them myself. I remember when our Massachusetts delegation in Congress, signed a sort of threat that the State would withdraw from the Union if Texas came in, but it never happened. I remember the State Convention at Faneuil Hall in 1845, where the lion and the lamb lay down together, and Geo. T. Curtis and John G. Whittier were Secretaries; and the Convention solemnly pronounced the annexation of Texas to be "the overthrow of the Constitution, the bond of the existing Union." I remember how one speaker boasted that if Texas was voted in by joint resolution, it might be voted out by the same. But somehow, we have never mustered that amount of resolution; and when I hear of State Street petitioning for the repeal of its own Fugitive Slave Law, I remember the lesson.

For myself, I do not expect to live to see that law repealed by the votes of politicians at Washington. It can only be repealed by ourselves, upon the soil of Massachusetts. For one, I am glad to be deceived no longer. I am glad of the discovery (no hasty thing, but gradually drawing upon me for ten years)—that I live under a despotism. I have lost the dream that ours is a land of peace and order. I have looked thoroughly through our "Fourth of July," and seen its hollowness; and I advise you to petition your City Government to revoke their appropriation for its celebration (or give the same to the Nebraska Emigration Society) and only toll the bells in all the churches, and hang the streets in black from end to end. O shall we hold such ceremonies when only some statesman is gone and omit them over dead Freedom, whom all true statesmen only live to serve!

At any rate my word of counsel to you is to learn this lesson thoroughly—*revolution is begun!* not a Reform but a Revolution. If you take part in politics henceforward, let it be only to bring nearer the crisis which will either save or sunder this nation—or perhaps save in sundering. I am not very hopeful, even as regards you; I know the mass of men will not make great sacrifices for freedom, but there is no need of those who will. I have lost faith forever in numbers; I have faith only in the constancy and courage of a "forlorn hope." And for aught we know, a case may arise, this week, in Massachusetts, which may not end like the last one.

Let us speak the truth. Under the influence of Slavery, we are are rapidly relapsing into that state of barbarism in which every man must rely on his own right hand for his protection. Let any man yield to his instinct of Freedom, and resist oppression, and his life is at the mercy of the first drunken officer, who orders his troops to fire. For myself, existence looks worthless under such circumstances; and I can only make life worth living for, by becoming a revolutionist. The saying seems dangerous, but why not say it if one means it, as I certainly do. I respect law and order, but as the ancient Persian sage said, "*always* to obey the laws, virtue must relax much of her vigour." I see now, that while Slavery is national, law and order must constantly be on the wrong side. I see that the case stands for me precisely as it stands for Kossuth and Mazzini, and I must take the consequences.

Do you say that ours is a democratic government, and there is a more peaceable remedy? I deny that we live under a democracy. It is an oligarchy of slaveholders, and I point to the history of a half century to prove it. Do you say, that oligarchy will be propitiated by submission? I deny it. It is the plea of the timid in all ages. Look at the experience of our own country. Which is most influential in Congress, South Carolina, which never submited to anything, or Massachusetts, with thrice the white population, but which always submits to everything? I tell you there is not a free State in the Union which would dare treat a South Carolinian as that State treated Mr. Hoar; or if it had been done, the Union would have divided years ago. The way to make principle felt is, to assert them, peaceably if you can, forcibly if you must. The way to promote free soil, is to have your own soil free; to leave courts to settle constitutions, and to fall back (for your own part) on first principles; then it will be seen you mean something. How much free territory is there beneath the stars and stripes? I know of four places, Syracuse, Wilkesbarre, Milwaukee, and Chicago; I remember no others. Worcester," you say. Worcester has not yet been tried. If you think Worcester County is free, say so and act accordingly. Call a County Convention, and declare that you leave legal quibbles to lawyers, and parties to politicians, and plant yourselves on the simple truth, that God never made a slave, and that man shall neither make nor take one here! Over your own city, at least, you have power; but will you stand the test when it comes? Then do not try to avoid it. For one thing only I blush, that a fugitive has ever fled from here to Canada. Let it not happen again, I charge you, if you are what you think you are. No longer conceal fugitives and help them on, but show them and defend them. Let the Underground Railroad stop here! Say to the South, that Worcester, though a part of a Republic, shall be as free as if ruled by a Queen! *Hear, O Richmond! and give ear, O Carolina! henceforth Worcester is Canada to the slave!* And what will Worcester be to the kidnapper? I dare not tell; and I fear that the poor sinner himself, if once recognized in our streets would scarcely get back to tell the tale.

I do not encourage more peaceable instrumentalities; would to God that no other were needful. Make laws if you can, though you have State processes already, if you had officers to enforce them; and, indeed, what can any State process do, except to legalize nullification? Use politics, if you can make them worth using, though a coalition administration proved as powerless, in the Sims case, as a Whig administration has proved now. But the disease lies deeper than these remedies can reach. It is all idle to try save men by law and order, merely, while the men themselves grow selfish and timid, and are only ready to talk of liberty, and risk nothing for it. Our people have no physical habits; their intellects are sharpened, but their bodies, and even their hearts, are left untrained; they learn only (as a French satarist once said) the fear of God and the love of money; they are taught that they owe the world nothing, but that the world owes them a living and so they make a living, but the fresh, strong spirit of Liberty droops and decays, and only makes a dying I charge you, parents, do not be so easily satisfied—encourage nobler principles in your children, and appeal to nobler principles—teach your daughter that life is something more than dress and show, and your son that there is some nobler aim in existence than a good bargain, and a fast horse, and an oyster supper. Let us have the brave, simple instincts of Circassian mountaineers, without their ignorance; and the unfaltering moral courage of the Puritans, without their superstition; so that we may show the world that a community may be educated in brain without becoming cowardly in body, and that a people without a standing army, may yet rise as one man, when Freedom needs defenders.

May God help us so to redeem this oppressed and bleeding State, and to bring this people back to that simple love of liberty, without which it must die amidst its luxuries, like the sad nations of the elder world. May we gain more iron in our souls, and have it in the right place—have soft hearts and hard wills, not as now, soft wills and hard hearts. Then will the iron break the Northern iron and the the steel no longer; and "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts" will be at last a hope fulfilled.—*Worcester Spy.*

JOHN DUNTON WAS A CITIZEN.

Many thanks to our modern literary antiquaries for the curious diaries and amusing collections of old letters, which afford us such pleasant glimpses of social life in long past times. Many thanks, too, to the worthy inditers of these long-forgotten relics—good, quiet souls, many of them—who little thought, when they were simply jotting down some passing occurrence for their own exclusive use, or detailing to some loving kinsman a piece of family news, or the gossip of the neighbourhood, that after generations had passed away, they would appear in print, and be quoted and reviewed. Thanks, also, to those egotistical writers, numerous in every age, though mostly enjoying but an ephemeral reputation, who, scorning private diary and confidential correspondence, claimed the public for their friend, and sent forth the story of their unsuccessful struggles, their misfortunes—always, according to them, unmerited—their wrongs, and their grievances, in small pica, and bound in strong sheep or calf.

Next to old newspapers we have found no species of composition more suggestive, and more illustrative than these homely prosing books, where in the midst of dull details, of which the public whom the writer addressed cared but little, and we, its great-great-grandchildren, of course, still less, some sketch of the public characters of the day, some vivid notice of some recent public event, some picture of times passed away for ever, may be found, and found nowhere else. Among this class of publications is one volume, which attracted some notice on its appearance, almost a hundred and fifty years ago, and which, among collectors of old books, is not wholly forgotten, but which few of our readers have perhaps ever heard of. It is the autobiography of a London bookseller, one John Dunton:

John Dunton was a citizen
Of credit and renown,

who dealt with left-legged Tonson, and with Thomas Guy when he kept shop in Lombard Street; who employed Elkanah Settle to do his poetry, and the author of the Turkish Spy his prose; who published many a volume during the feverish times of James the Second, and the prosperous years succeeding the Revolution—John Dunton, of the Black Raven, opposite the Poultry Compter, who, in seventeen hundred and five, turned writer himself, and gave the history of his life and errors: and, more amusing still, pen-and-ink portraits of the various bookmakers and booksellers, with whom he had been associated.

Determined to begin at the beginning, and with sufficient minuteness too, John tells us that he was born in sixteen hundred and fifty-nine, was very weakly, and so small that he was placed in a quart pot, which contained him very easily; a process this, not very well adapted, as we think, to promote the health of a sickly new-born infant. From this, his first ordeal, he seems to have escaped scathless; so, after being duly swathed and rocked, and spoon-fed, according to the manner of dealing with babies of his day, and then put into the go-cart, he was in process of time set to his hornbook—which he hated, while he set himself to mischief—which he much preferred. This preference was very trying to his father, a country clergyman who hoped that his eldest son might follow his calling—the mother had died before he was a year old—so he was sent to a neighbouring school. But primer, and Latin grammar were as distasteful to the boy as his hornbook; and the father was reluctantly compelled to give up the cherished hope of seeing his son in the Church, and to seek out some secular calling. From the notices Dunton gives us of his father, he seems to have been an excellent man, and what was rare, indeed, at this period of bitter religious strife, of singularly liberal opinions. This is proved by his sending his son to be apprenticed, not to any of the high Church booksellers—although those were the days of the Five-mile and Conventicle Acts—but "to the most eminent presbyterian bookseller in the three kingdoms," Mr. Thomas Parkhurst, at the Bible and Three Crowns, in Cheapside, near Mercers' Chapel.

It was in the year sixteen hundred and seventy-three that John Dunton made his debut in our city; and it is curious to remember how few of the famed sights of London could then have met his view. London was but newly rising from the ashes of her great fire, the Royal Exchange was not, Old St. Paul's was not, but only wide, deep foundations, where the masterpiece of Wren was years afterwards to rise; all the city gates had vanished, almost all the beautiful London churches—even Bow bells—could no longer fling their encouraging chime upon the eager ear of the London apprentice; how strange and sad must the city have looked to the young stranger; but how much sadder to the aged man, the born and bred London citizen! Building was, however, rapidly going on. One of the most ostentatious rows of tall red-brick houses in the new-built city—still remaining on the north side of Cheapside, and belonging to the Mercers' Company—were already finished; and here Mr. Parkhurst had opened his shop, and here was John Dunton to spend the seven years of his apprenticeship. It is pleasant to find John, more than thirty years afterwards, speaking of his Honoured Master in terms so respectful and affectionate. "He was scrupulously honest in all things, a good master, and very kind to all his relations. Indeed, I was most kindly received by him, and I cannot but say that if ever an apprenticeship was easy and agreeable, it was that which I served."

Time passed on; the worthy bookseller well satisfied with his apprentice, who tells us that from disliking his book, he even began to be very fond of reading, when, alas! a Miss Susanna S—— came on a visit to the Bible and Three Crowns. That she was beautiful, at least to the eyes of the young 'prentice, there is no doubt, and perhaps she looked kindly on him. However, a roguish fellow apprentice brought a mysterious note, pretending it came from the young lady; John Dunton, overjoyed, forthwith set about inditing his first billet-doux, wherein, full of gratitude for her notice, he prayed her to meet him the following evening in Grocers' Hall garden. The reader may here be told, in parenthesis, that the pleasant gardens belonging to the City companies were then, and at a much later period, the scenes of many a city courtship. We have heard the story how one of our grandmothers, a fair young maiden in black velvet hat and blush-rose ribbons, stood, shepherdess-like, under the trees in Drapers' Garden, contemplating the Cupid and swan, which we believe still grace the fountain there; and how a studious young man, ordered to walk for his health, unhappily one springtide evening wandered thither, and received an incurable wound from the black velvet hat and blush-rose ribbons, or rather from the soft blue eyes beneath. And how he pined and was thought to be in a decline, until a kind lady worth ten doctors (and so like one of the discreet old ladies in the Arabian Nights, that we should respect her for that, if for nothing else) recommended him to resume his walks in Drapers' Garden, and seek the remedy from the same source that had given the wound. Often did the old people discourse pleasantly on this love passage of their youth, and always did they enjoy a walk in Drapers' Garden.

Not so fortunate was our young apprentice. The young lady came to Grocers' Garden, "but so soon as I revealed the occasion, she told me she was ignorant of it." The "'prentice bold," as the ice had been broken, seems to have thought it a pity so good an opportunity of "keeping company" should be lost, so he began to pay the young lady due attention, and sport was becoming earnest, when, "my master making a timely discovery," sent Miss Susanna back into the country.

Next year John Dunton went to see his worthy father, then on his death-bed, and on his return seems to have settled again soberly to business. On one point only does there seem to have been any difference between master and apprentice; this was a fancy Dunton had of late taken to attend Mr. Doolittle's meeting, then held in Barber Surgeons' Hall, Monkwell Street. Now, this Nonconformist minister was a most worthy man, and highly respected, but according to the strict arrangements of well-ordered families in the seventeenth century all who ate their Sunday pudding and roast meat together were expected also to attend public worship together—so "Mr. Parkhurst told me that I broke the order and harmony of his family." A severe punishment was in store for the wayward apprentice. "One Sunday," when doubtless instead of busily setting down the heads and particulars of the good man's sermon in his little table-book, his eyes were wandering about, "the beautiful Rachael Seaton gave me a fatal wound."

Again did the young apprentice set about inditing love letters, and there were stolen visits, and "much time stolen too from my master's business, at Mr. Dawson's dancing-school." It is provoking to find him breaking off here with the apology, that to relate "all these extravagancies would be almost to commit the same error over again." He abruptly adds, that he gave up love-making, and was now hurried on to another extreme—politics.

The aspect of affairs in one thousand six hundred and seventy-nine was certainly threatening. The King's continued unwillingness to call the parliament together, and the influence of the Duke of York over him, excited the just indignation of the people, who felt that they had already borne too much. Petitions, therefore, were got up by the Whig party, praying that parliament might be assembled; and counter-petitions were got up by the "Tories and Tantivies," expressing their "abhorrence" of all such petitioners. In London, the head-quarters of the Whigs, there was great ferment, and

Up arose the 'prentices all,
Living in London both proper and tall,

to vindicate the rights of free Englishmen to a free parliament.

The apprentices of the chief Presbyterian bookseller could not be inactive on such an occasion, so Joshua Evans and John Dunton were among the first, and were soon joined by three hundred, and had frequent meetings at Russel's house in Ironmonger Lane; a tavern honoured by Sir Roger l'Estrange, on account of the opinions of its frequenters, with some of his choicest Billingsgate. Here the valorous apprentices met; doubtless toasting The Good Cause, as their fathers had done during a more successful contest, and probably wearing the green ribbon, the badge of the Petitioners, in their caps, just as the Abhorrers mounted the scarlet ribbon—the blue and the orange being as yet unknown. With no little glee John tells us how badly the counter-petition of the Tory apprentices succeeded, and how thousands of signatures were subscribed to theirs. It appears that this petition was in the form of a remonstrance to be addressed to the Lord Mayor. So, on the appointed day, a deputation of twenty—John among the foremost—went, being introduced by that worthy man, so celebrated for his lifelong benevolence, Mr. Firmin. The young patriots were courteously received by the Lord Mayor—Sir Patience Ward—who promised he would acquaint the King with its contents, and then dismissed them with a recommendation to behave themselves as became London apprentices.

Dunton's term of servitude was now near its close, and the next notice we find is, the customary feast which he provided for his friends at its expiration, to celebrate its funeral; such entertainments, he remarks, "are vanity and very expensive," and we find that one hundred apprentices were invited!

John Dunton, now free of his master and of the City, and the worshipful Stationers' Company, determined to set up for himself at once—a practice very general in all trades at this time. But the young London trader was expected to be thrifty; so John did not begin with a dashing shop, but took "half a shop, a warehouse, and a fashionable chamber, which I had of honest Mr. John Brown, whose extra civility to me I have not yet forgotten"; and he adds, "the world and business now set me perfectly at ease from all inclination to love and courtship." Printing, he tells us, was "uppermost in my thoughts, and, therefore, authors began to ply me with specimens, as earnestly and with as much passion and concern, as the watermen do passengers with oars and scullers." Having had some acquaintance with this class during his apprenticeship, John kept them all at a distance, knowing them, as he says, to be inveterate paste and scissors hacks, and most inveterate liars, too; for, "they will pretend to have studied six or seven years in the Bodleian Library, and to have turned over all the fathers, though you shall find that they can scarce tell whether they flourished before the Christian era or afterwards." So the first publication of our young tradesman was no trashy work, but a pious book, written by worthy Mr. Doolittle, "and it fully answered its end, for, by exchanging it through the whole trade, it furnished my shop with all sorts of books saleable at that time, and, moreover, brought me acquainted with the ingenious gentlemen who were then students under Mr. Doolittle's care." These belonged to the academy at Islington, where, it still being the period of the Indulgence, this learned Nonconformist was permitted to teach young gentlemen to construe Greek, without having, as heretofore, the fear of bonds and imprisonment before his eyes. Among other books, Dunton also printed a sermon, preached by a country clergyman on the occasion of the "Ignoramus Jury" acquitting Lord Shaftesbury. This is worthy of notice, if only to show the extravagance of party-feeling, since the title of the sermon was, Daniel in the Den; or, the Lord-President's Imprisonment and Miraculous Deliverance.

If in the year one thousand six hundred and seventy-nine public affairs were gloomy, they were far more gloomy in one thousand six hundred and eighty-one—two, when the King dissolved the Parliament, and the laws against the Nonconformists were put in force more severely than ever. But John Dunton, who seems to have been, to use Cuddie Headrigg's phrase, but a coward body after a', kept respectfully aloof from politics. It was a dangerous time for booksellers and printers, many of whom were fined: among them two of his acquaintance, Janeway, the chief opponent of Sir Roger l'Estrange, and Benjamin Harris, a bookseller in Grace-church-street, who were set in the pillory besides, for pretended libels. When Harris was pilloried, Dunton tells us, that his noble-hearted wife stood by him, to defend her husband from the mob, and doubtless she proved an effectual shield. They then fled to that

Land of exiled liberty,

New England, where they dwelt and prospered. It is pleasant to find that, on the return of better times, they returned to England, took the old shop in Gracechurch street, and in the words of the old storybooks, lived happy ever after.

Such testifyings did not suit John Dunton; he seems to have gone prosperously on; and, as he was now a well-to-do young tradesman, "my friends began to persecute me about matrimony. Old Mrs. Seaton" (we suppose the fair Rachael was disposed of), "first sets upon me, and recommends one Sarah Day, of Ratcliffe; she was pretty, well bred, her fortune was considerable, and she was the best-natured creature in the world." Here were attractions enough; but another kind friend, who seems to have had a sharp eye to the shop, suggested, "there is Sarah Doolittle, a better wife for you by ten degrees, and then you will have her father's copyrights for nothing." This bribe of the father's copyrights is, we think, unrivalled in the annals of wife-hunting. While John was deliberating between the two Sarahs, we are happy to find that Sam Crook won Sarah Doolittle—caring probably more for the lady than her father's manuscripts. Another proposal was made of a third Sarah, one Miss Briscoe, of Uxbridge, who was both handsome and rich; but while John was deliberating he strolled into Dr. Annesley's meeting in St. Helen's one Sunday morning, and there he soon singled out a young lady, that almost "charmed me dead."

He forthwith made inquiries about this charmer, when he found that she was one of the preacher's daughters, but pre-engaged. A very matter-of-fact friend, however, who seems to have thought that if one would not do another might, recommended him to look out a lady-love from among the doctor's other daughter's—he had almost a round dozen—and this hint John acted upon, and in Miss Elizabeth, an elder sister, he found one who, he tells us made a deeper impression upon him than any before.

Hitherto, our young bookseller seems to have been only playing at courtship, but now it was a matter of sober earnest, so with "Mr. Isaac Brindly and Mr. Marryat to second my proposal, I went to the doctor's." The old gentleman received the offer courteously, and after having sent to Mr. Parkhurst, who spoke well of his late apprentice, "gave full consent, if I could prevail with her." The fair lady did not prove unkind; so they began to correspond in lover-like style: not as plain John and Elizabeth, but as Philaret and Iris! How widely the taste for high-flown language and exaggerated notions, doubtless borrowed from the French romances, must have spread, we may imagine, when we find a London bookseller, and the daughter of a Nonconformist minister, christening themselves by such fanciful names, and calling their friends, Arsinda, Lindamira and Philomela? Philaret writing to his "fair conqueror" at Tunbridge Wells tells her that "her absence is intolerable!" To which Iris replies that "all courtships must have a little knight-errantry in them, otherwise the lover is reckoned to be somewhat dull." Who shall say that the age of chivalry was over then.

With great glee John Dunton took a large shop at the corner of Princes-street, and its sign was the Black Raven; and from thence, on August the third, one thousand six hundred and eighty-two, he proceeded to Allhallows-on-the-Wall, being well attended thither, to be married. He tells us his father-in-law, on their return, preached a sermon on the occasion, which was succeeded by a handsome dinner, at which there was a large party. "As soon as dinner was ended, an ingenious gentleman called myself and bride out from the company, and presented an epithalamium." This is duly printed, and as it is all about Golden Hymen, and little Cupids, and sister Graces, we doubt not was very acceptable to Iris and Philaret. Dunton describes the wedding-ring as having two hearts united upon it, and the posy was,

God saw thee
Most fit for me.

A distich worthy of Settle himself. Pen and ink portraits of the bride and bridegroom followed, the lady's written by a female friend, and his by her sister. We are told that Iris "is tall, with light chesnut hair, dark eyes, little mouth, white hands, and complexion, very fair;" while Philaret "has eyes black and full of spirit, and countenance rendered amiable by a cheerful and sprightly air." This pen portrait would appear to be rather flattering; for his real portrait, prefixed to the book, represents him as a heavy-looking man.

"Being established now, my dear Iris became bookseller, cash-keeper, managed all my affairs for me, and left me to my own rambling humour." This was, unfortunately, the worst thing that could befal so unsteady a tradesman as Philaret; he seems to have attended but little to his business, and it probably (for he has not expressly told us), partly failed, since "on the defeat of Monmouth, having at that time five hundred pounds owing me in New England, I thought I would go there."

Perhaps John had become involved, as many other London tradesmen had, in that ill-starred rising, and found it prudent to go away for a time. His father-in-law, who had lately been prosecuted, approved of his going, and "dear Iris" willingly, though sorrowfully acquiesced; at Gravesend he met a brother bookseller, "whose circumstances being somewhat perplexing, was making his way to Holland," and he himself embarked for Boston with thirty passengers flying for safety from the rout of Sedgemoor. While they were still detained in the Downs, a terrible storm came on, and he remarks that it was on that very day "when the innocent Cornish, and the compassionate Mrs. Gaunt fell sacrifices to popish cruelty." We were four months at sea, and the captain being a rough, covetous tarpaulin, with a smattering of divinity, half starved the passengers: also inflicted insufferably long expositions of Scripture upon them, which highly offended the poor Sedgemoor fugitives. It was a happy day for them all when they landed at Boston.

John Dunton's picture of Boston, the Boston only some twenty years later of Hester Prynne, is very graphic; and we are vividly reminded of Hawthorn's powerful story when we find him detailing how a woman, convicted of intrigue with an Indian, was condemned to wear upon her right arm the figure of an Indian, and in red cloth. His accounts of the visits he paid, and the marvels he saw, are very amusing. He visited the venerable Elliott, and his company of civilized red men, and saw the king and queen; the former, he says, had a sort of a horse face; but the lady had eyes black as jet, and teeth white as ivory. There was somewhat of the sharp Yankee spirit of trade extant, even at that early day; for he remarks that "he who trades with the people of Boston, should be furnished with a Grecian faith, as he may get promises enough, but their payments come late." The venture of books, however, which he took over, answered well, and after a pleasant sojourn of some months, he returned safely to England.

During this time, his business seems to have been carried on by his excellent wife, whose letters prove her to have been a woman of no common attainments, Philaret Iris notwithstanding. The following summer Dunton went to Holland, and at the close of that year, trusting better times were at hand, he returned, determined now in good earnest to stick to his shop. "My humour of rambling," he says, "was now pretty nigh over," so he took a new shop, opposite the Poultry Comptor, again set up the sign of the Black Raven, and opened it on the same day that the Prince of Orange came to London.

The next nine years of his life passed pleasantly and prosperously. He became an extensive publisher, and the accounts he gives, both of the writers he employed, and the booksellers whom he knew, are very curious and entertaining. The literary profession was as low as it well could be, and it is singular to find how many hack writers were in orders. The Nonconformist ministers, however, wrote largely, and their works were sure of an extensive sale. John remarks how anxious the trade was to obtain any works of Baxter, Bates, or Howe, and there were plenty of hacks who, for a trifling consideration were ready to manufacture to order, works that had never been written by the author whose name was displayed on the title-page. This practice, as may well be supposed, was scouted by respectable publishers. Among John Dunton's writers we find some well-known names: Defoe, whom he characterises as "of very good parts, and of very clear sense, but he writes too much;" Elkanah Settle, who "has got himself the report of being a good poet;" then there is Mr. Pitts, "a mere angel of a man," who was, in part, author of a work of a very unangelic character, The Bloody Assize; but which he was well qualified to write, having been a surgeon in Monmouth's unfortunate army, and thus a witness of Jefferies' appalling butcheries. Of this work more than six thousand were sold. Another writer, now forgotten, was a Mr. Barlow, rector of Chalgrove, "a man, in some sense, of very great worth; but he has got a *strange habit* (scarcely so strange to us, we must add, as to John) of borrowing money, and deferring the payment thereof;" there is, also, Mr. Phillips, "who will write a design off in a very little time, if the gout or claret do not stop him." But "the best-accomplished hackney author I ever met with, was Mr. Bradshaw; his genius was quite above the common size, and his style was incomparably fine." This fine genius unhappily had an unaccountable habit of receiving money in advance, and then walking off, no one knew whither; as "you could present to him no design, but he would go through with it." Dunton fixed him down to one, and furnished him both with money and books; but my gentleman thought fit to remove himself, nor could I find him, till one day I met with his wife, who told me he was engaged on the Turkish Spy, at forty shillings a sheet, twenty shillings for himself as he sent them, and twenty shillings to pay off old arrears.

John tells us that during these nine years he printed more than six hundred works; when we bear in mind that there were several London booksellers in more extensive trade than he, we can scarcely accuse that age of the general illiteracy which is commonly charged on it. Many of John's publications were certainly but of the ephemeral value, but there were some, both religious and historical, that took a high place. His great venture, however, he tells us, was the *Athenian Mercury*, a weekly paper devoted to all kinds of discussion, but chiefly to literature. This met with great success, being highly commended by many writers: the Pindaric lady Philomela, now known as Mrs. Rowe, writing a poem in it, and "Mr. Swift, a country gentleman, sent me an ode." Swift was, at that time, all unknown to fame, a resident at Moor Park, as the humble protégé of Sir William Temple. This periodical flourished for six years, ending in February, sixteen hundred and ninety-six, in consequence, Dunton tells us, of the great increase of similar ventures. The complete series formed twenty volumes, folio, and perhaps among so great a mass of writings, some papers not altogether deserving of oblivion may be found.

It may be well here, to give the reader a few of Dunton's pen-and-ink sketches of his brother in trade. Chief among the London booksellers at this time was Richard Chiswell, of the Rose and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard, "who well deserves the title of metropolitan bookseller of England, for